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*collected  
&  
perfect.  
1779.*

Covent-Garden,  
A  
P L E A S A N T  
C O M E D Y.

Acted by the Queenes Majesties  
Servants.

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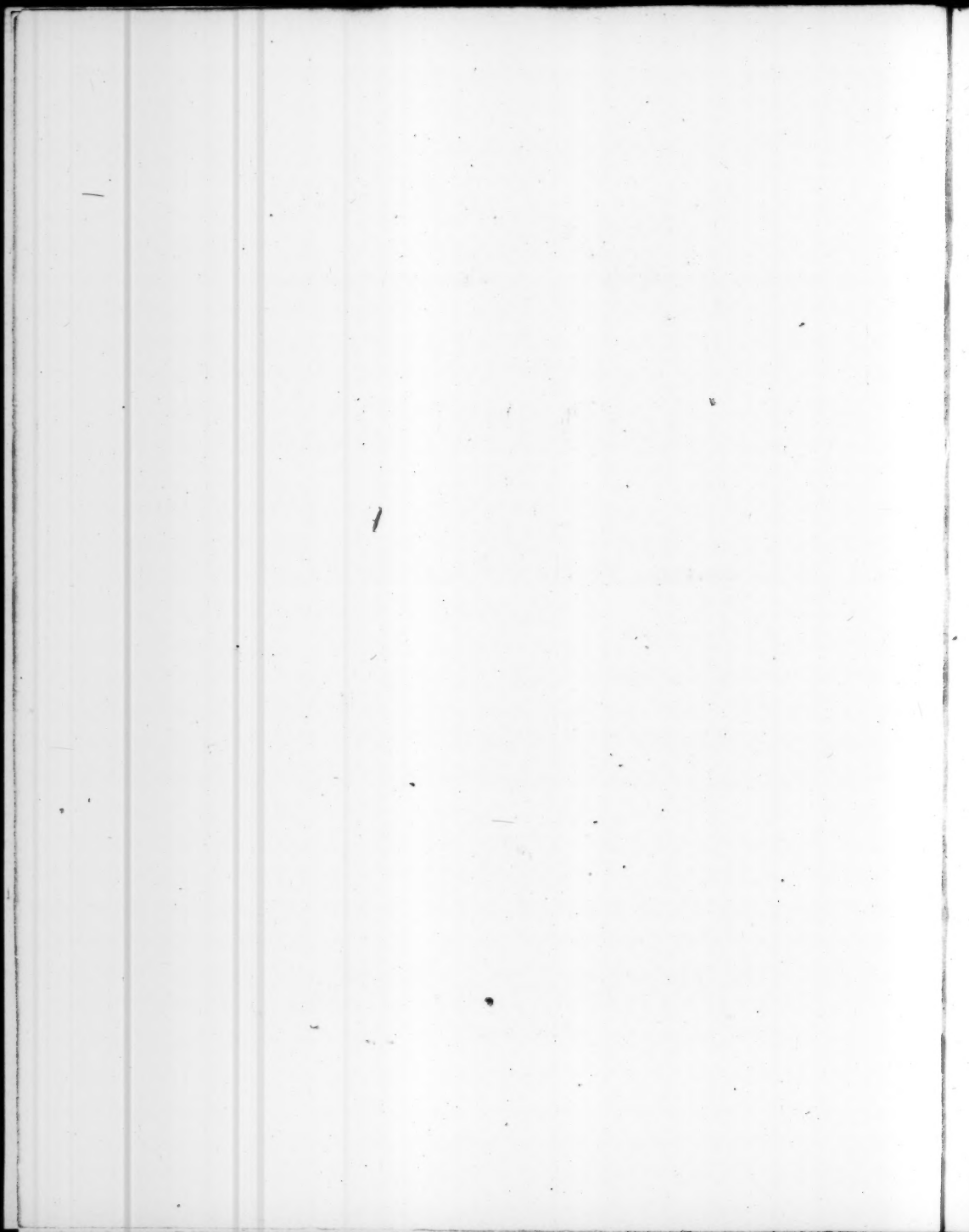
By THOMAS NABBS.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by R. Oulson, And are to be sold at the signe  
of the *White-Lyon* and *Ball* in Saint PAULS  
Churchward. 1 6 3 9.





TO  
THE RIGHT WORTHY  
OF HIS HONOURS  
Sr. JOHN SUCKLING  
*Knight.*

SIR,



*Here is no excuse for this my  
presumption, but a presump-  
tion upon your φιλαυθροπία.*

*It is likewise an error in  
my weaknesse, to put someane a piece to  
a second tryall; when in your perusall it  
will meet with a more piercing judge-  
ment, then the Stages, that gave it  
some partiall allowance. For the stile,  
'tis humble:*

*Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusq; procellæ.*

A 3

Your

The EPISTLE.

Your owne is Pindarus, mine Bacchylides. Yet I would have endeavour'd to make the persons speake better, had it been proper to their condition. As you are a Patron to all good endeavours, you merit to be the subject of many Encomiums: But your selfe by your selfe in making the world (which can never be sufficiently gratefull for it) happy in the publication of your late worthy labours, have prevented the intentions of many to dignifie that in you which is so farr above them. My hope is, that by your favourable acceptance of this, I may gaine some opinion with others; to whom I have and alwayes do declare my selfe in my desires ambitious to be knowne by you at the becoming distance of

Your honourer and humble Servant

THOMAS NABBES.



## The PROLOGVE.

**D**Oe not expect th' abuses of a Place ;  
 Nor th'ills sprung from a Strumpets painted face  
 To be exprest. Our Author doth not meane  
 With such vile stuffe to clothe his modest Scene.  
 Nor doth he brand it with a Satyres marke ;  
 But makes a Justice wiser then his Clerke.  
 His Rusticks likewise will pretend to Wit :  
 So all the Persons which wee counterfeite.  
 He justifies that 'tis no borrow'd Straine,  
 From the invention of anothers braine.  
 Nor did he steale the Fancie. 'Tis the same  
 Hee first intended by the proper Name.  
 'Twas not a toyle of ycares : few weekes brought forth  
 This rugged Issue, might have beene more worth  
 If he had lick'd it more. Nor doth he raise  
 From th' imitation of authenticke Playes  
 Matter or words to height : nor bundle up  
 Conceits at Tavernes where the Wits doe sup.  
 His Muse is solitary, and alone  
 Doth practise her low speculation.  
 He hath no faction in a partiall way,  
 Prepar'd to cry it up, and boast the Play,  
 Swelling your expectations : hee relies  
 Meerely upon your ingenuities.

The Matter's weake : how can the Building stand ?  
 Yes ; if supported by a gracious Hand.

The

THE VOICE

## The PERSONS.

**D**VNGVORTH. *A Countrey Gentleman.*  
 RALPH. } *His Servants.*  
 DOBSON. }  
 Mrs. TONGALL. *A busie Gossip.*  
 THEODORE ARTLOVE. *A compleat Gentleman.*  
 LITTLEWORD. *A reputed Wist.*  
 HUGH IERKER. *A wilde Gallant.*  
 IEFFEREY IERKER. *A lad of the same humour.*  
 DOROTHY WORTHY. *Daughter to Sir GENE.*  
 SVSAN. *A waiting-woman to the Lady.*  
 WARRANT. *Clerke to Sir GENEROVS.*  
 SPRUCE. *Gentleman Vsher to the Lady.*  
 Lady WORTHY.  
 Sir GENEROVS WORTHY.  
 Young WORTHY. *His Son.*  
 DASHER. *A complementing Vintner.*  
 DRAYVER.  
 CONSTABLE.

The SCENE COVENT-GARDEN.

COVENT



*Act. I. Scen. I.*

*Enter DVNGVVORTH, RALPH, and  
DOBSON, as newly come to Towne by  
the right SCENE.*

*DOBSON.*



Ow we are come to *London*, fellow *Ralph*  
what shall we doe? or what course will our  
Master take with us?

*Ralph.* Why, *Dobson*; he may doe what  
he will, and wee will doe what we list. A  
little instruction and practice will make  
us wicked enough, I dare warrant thee.

*Dobf.* I hope we are not to learne that. But all this while  
the Plough stands still.

*Ralph.* Sha, *Dobson*; thy mind's upon nothing but dirt.

*Dobf.* Indeed heer's store of it, ankle deepe.

*Dung.* What place is this *Ralph*? thou know'st *London*.

*Ralph.* It should be COVENT-GARDEN; but 'tis  
much alter'd since I was here last.

*Dungw.* A Garden call you it! 'Tis a very barren one.

*Dobf.* I would I were at home againe, amongst the  
*Creame-bowles.*

B

*Ralph.*

## COVENT-GARDEN.

*Ralph.* I could be content to have the rother smacke at our *Gillian the Dayry-Maids* sugar-candy—

*Dobf.* How, fellow *Ralph*! you kisse my Sweet-heart *Gillian*! pronounce it againe; and by the faith of a new made Serving-man, that puts his whole trust in his Liver; and the Quarter-dayes, I will kill thee presently, and challenge thee the next Holi-day before the Congregation.

*Ralph.* Kill me first, and then challenge me! for a kisse or two I nay, good *Dobson*; she has lips big enough to serve us both. Prethee lets not fall out and beat one another: these people would but laugh at us for't.

*Dobf.* Indeed 'tis a jolly company. Dwell they all hereabouts?

*Ralph.* I scarce thinke they are all of one Parish, neither doe they goe to one Church. They come onely for an evening recreation to see COVENT-GARDEN.

*Dobf.* Blessings on their hearts for it. 'Tis a goodly place.

*Ralph.* And a godly one too if rumour lie not.

*Dung.* What are all these things with rayles?

*Ralph.* I thinke mewes for hawkes, orayrings for gentles. Other hawkes are not here in any request.

*Dung.* Mewes for hawkes, thou woudst make mee a Buzzard.

*Dobf.* Dost thinke we shall dwell hereabouts?

*Ralph.* I hope so: we shall then be nere the Cock-pit, and see a Play now and then.

*Dobf.* But tell me *Ralph*, are those Players the ragged fellows that were at our house last *Christmas*, that borrowed the red blanket off my bed to make their Major a gowne; and had the great Pot-lid for *Guy of Warwick's* Buckler?

*Ralph.* No, *Dobson*; they are men of credit, whose actions are beheld by every one, and allow'd for the most part with commendations. They make no yearly Progresse with the *Anatomy* of a Sampter-horse, laden with the sweepings of *Long-lane* in a dead Vacation, and purchas'd

at the exchange of their owne whole Wardrobes. They buy not their Ordinary for the Copie of a *Prologue*; nor insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of an admiring *Ningle*, who for his free comming in, is at the expence of a Taverne Supper, and rines their bawling throats with Canarye.

*Dobf.* But I would I had stay'd still in the Countrey, now Sports are tollerated, in despite of Justice, *Troublesome's* malicious Authoritie. I had rather see a Morris-dance and a May-pole, then ten Playes: what care I for wit which I understand not?

*Ralph.* The duller Ass thou.

*Dobf.* How, Ass to my face I provoke me no more with such foule language, lest I enter and act thy Tragedy.

*Ralph.* Nay, prethee fellow *Dobson*; if we abuse our selves sometimes, 'twill be the better taken when wee abuse others.

*Dung.* To morrow Ile have you accountred in liveries, and put my selfe into a gentile garbe. I am resolv'd to forsake the Countrey profession of mine Ancestors; and meane to turne Gallant. Ile sell some few dirty Acres, and buy a Knighthood: Ile translate my Farme of *Dirt-all* into the Mannor of *No-place*. Would I were acquainted with an honest Scrivener.

*Ralph.* You wish an impossibility, unlesse the Pillory were more terrible.

*Dobson.* But doe you meane to sell your Land?

*Dung.* Yes indeed; I shall be the likelier to goe to heaven when I forsake earth.

*Ralph.* But 'tis a dangerous way through a Scriveners conscience.

*Dung.* What dost tell me of danger! 'Tis the Cowards bug-beare; a scar-crow to City gulls, that dare not weare swords for feare of being challeng'd.

*Dobf.* Nay, my Master is as tall a man of his inches.

*Dung.* Yes, *Dobson*; thou hast seene me doe something.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

But firrah, let it be your charge to finde out a good Iane;  
see Crop eat his meat.

*Dobf.* Ile warrant Sir, hee'l eat his meate, and 'twere  
Good-friday.

*Ralph.* Had he but cares then, hee might make a very  
good Puritan horse.

*Dung.* Indeed, their best vertue is to heare well.

*Ralph.* But their doing sometimes, begets a hotter zeale  
in the Sister-hood.

*Dungw.* He have a lodging heere. Prethee aske that  
Gentlewoman; shee seems an inhabitant.

*The second Scene.*

*Enter Mrs. TONGALL, by the right Scene.*

*Ralph.* Pray Master, know you hereabouts any conve-  
nient Lodgings?

*Tong.* Many Sir, for convenient persons.

*Dungw.* Of credit, and unsuspicious.

*Tong.* It is not in my understanding; wherefore the  
satisfaction I can give you will be doubtfull. I know none  
of my neighbours better then my selfe. I have as hand-  
some Lodgings as any are in *Covent Garden*: my fore-  
roomes have a faire prospect, and my back-roomes a  
sweet ayre.

*Ralph.* Which is not usuall backwards.

*Dung.* May we see them?

*Tong.* If you please to let that Taverne receive you  
till I have made them ready, I will returne and give you  
notice.

*Dung.* I'll sup there: shall I intreat your company?

*Tong.* I shall be ready to fulfill your desires.

*Dobf.* And we our bellies: hitherto, we have had but  
a hungry journey of it.

*Dungwell and Dobson goe forth by the left Scene.*

*Tong.*

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*Tong.* My friend, pray what's your Masters name?

*Ralph.* What if it be not in my Commission to tell you?

*Tong.* My demands are civill and for no hurt. I must know before my house can give him entertainment.

*Ralph.* But I must not tell you, till I have a mind to it. You may be the agent to an Informer: doe you not correspond with the Sumpter and Apparitour, to keepe your selfe off some deserv'd punishment.

*Tong.* I am a patient bearer.

*Ralph.* Not unlikely, I have heard there are many such in *Covent-Garden*.

*Tong.* I meane with your unmanerlineesse.

*Ralph.* If a downe-right Countrey thing will please you.

*Tong.* A downe-right! you make me blush.

*Ralph.* This interest then, and—

*Tong.* So Sir, the termes are not equall for such familiaritie.

*Ralph.* Why then you must seeke you a more proportion'd Schoole-master to enter you farther, and teach you my Masters name. The Wine staves, and I want it.

*Tong.* Good friend stay a little, and tell me thy Masters name.

*Ralph.* What agen! Fare you well, I have forgot it.

*Tong.* Nay, prethee friend: my knowledge of it may much concerne his, or (if not) thy good. My daughter *Jynny's* a handsome girle, he that pleaseth me best shall have her.

*Ralph.* I rather thinke hee shall have her that pleaseth her best, else I shall doubt her for a woman. But how can she concerne our goods? your instance.

*Tong.* Nay, credit me upon my word, 'tis earnest.

*Ralph.* A Womans word I 'tis not worth an ounce of feathers. Besides, you may be under covert barne. Have you not a Husband?

*Tong.* Yes indeede.

B 3

*Ralph.*



*Ralph.* What's his profession?

*Tong.* An under-Lawyer, an Attorney.

*Ralph.* His word may be taken in the terme for a gowafacing or so: but to doe any man good, is worth a double fee, if he performe it. Mistris, if you must know my Masters name, goe to *Carterton* in the Countie of *Sussex*, and there in the Church-Register you shall finde, that *Roger* the sonne of *Rowland Dungworth* of *Dirtall* Farme in the Parish of *Carterton* aforelaid, was baptised—But stay, I'll know first if he be resolved to continue a Christian; 'tis ordinary to change names with religion. Besides, hee means to be a Knight; and *Dungworth* will stink in the delicate nostrils of a Lady: it may make the heraulds give him a mock-coate with three kennell-rakers. Farewell sweet Mistris; and if my Master chance to lie at your house, I should be glad if I might lie over your Daughter.

*Tong.* Farewell good friend. The Gentleman to lye at my house. I very good. I must project a profit out of the accident; a new Gowne, or a Beaver, or some composition with a bond of assurance, when I procure him a good Wife. Perhaps hee shall have my Daughter *Lyndy*. Who would thinke this little body of mine were so busie in stirring actions, Master *Theodore Art-love*!

### *The third Scene.*

*Enter ART-LOVE by the right Scene.*

*Artl.* Mistresse *Tongall*, you are delighting your selfe with these new erections.

*Tong.* Faire erections are pleasing things.

*Artl.* Indeed they are faire ones, and their uniformity addes much to their beauty.

*Tong.* How like you the Balconee's? They set off a Ladies person well, when she presents her selfe to the view  
of



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of gazing passengers. Artificiall fucations are not discern'd at distance.

*Artl.* Pray which is Sir *Generous Worthie's* house?

*Teng.* Your desires (I believe) are bent towards his faire Daughter. Let me ayd you: my neighbour-hood hath interested me in her acquaintance; I can make way; and truly Mr. *Art-love* I like you so well, that (were she worthy) you should have my daughter *Jynys*. But doe you love Mistris *Dorothy*?

*Artl.* I have seene her beauty, and her nimble eyes Have shot a fire into me, that inflames My cold desires. I that have resisted Th' assaults of passion to a perfect conquest; And call'd it (justly too) the height of folly To give that wanton Power the attribute Of a false Deity: I, that have out-gone Th' example of *Zimocrates*, am captiv'd; But by a Beauty, such as would review Heat in the frozen bosome of an *Anchorite*, Who hath spent his age even to decrepitness In such austerities as would mortifie The strongest pampard wantonnesse. I cover A good successe, but faile in't. Never yet Could I be blest with opportunity To shew her my desires, and to try The fortune of perswasion.

*Teng.* And would you not use me I hath so long practise in match-making made me politicke to contrive, and my conversation with your selfe and the rest of the Wits made me complementall; and doe you thinke I cannot facilitate your entrance to Mistris *Dorothy*?

*Artl.* Should I be fortunate in my attempts To win her liking; should my person please her, Or that annexion to my better part Of education, yet the disparitie Betwixt our states, checks me from hoping.

That

That the designe can prosper. The lighter fire  
Nere mixeth with the earth, but to confusion :  
Or from their severall natures bringing forth  
Events prodigious.

*Tong.* Why, you are an Heyre to a thousand pound a  
yeare. An officious lye may be dispens't with.

*Artl.* But simple honesty  
Clad in the naked livery of truth  
Is a most glorious vertue, that preserves  
White innocence unstain'd with falshood.  
Good meanes as well as good intention  
Must make an act good.

*Tong.* If you have such a tender conscience, so religi-  
ously scrupulous, you'll never be a Politician.

*Artl.* Let those that study mischief  
To satisfie their sensualities

Practise such wickednesse. I'de not abuse  
A noble goodnes to possesse the *Indies*.

*Tong.* But heere's one will, and I must ayd him int.  
*Mr. Littleword.*

### *The fourth Scene.*

*Enter LITTLEVVORD, JERKER and IFFERY,*  
*by the right Scene.*

*Jerk.* Friend *Art-love*, the good fortune of a petticoate  
light upon thee, in the name of Venerie what mak'st thou  
here ? art' in quest of a smock-bedfellow.

*Artl.* Thy old humour still friend.

*Jerk.* Pr' thees salute this little gentleman my Cousin :  
he hath more age and wit then his small proportion doth  
promise.

*Artl.* I shall be ready, to serve him.

*Ieffr.* Your acquaintance will adde much to my hap-  
pinesse.

*Jerk.*

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*Ierk.* He hath gotten leave of his Vncle to liue here in my tuition. Hee thrive's well in his conceit, a right *Ierk*; he begins to love a wench already.

*Art.* Thy instruction and example will soone enable him that way.

*Ieffr.* Is not that a wench Cousin?

*Ierk.* Try Cos. and satisfie your selfe.

*Ieffr.* Mr *Little-word*, if your salute be ended, pray resigne. Nay, Mistris, I can kisse you without the helpe of a joynd stoole you to walke, and let my hand support you.

*Tong.* Whither pray you little sir?

*Ieffr.* To the next vaulting schoole.

*Tong.* Alas, you cannot get up without a stirrop.

*Ieffr.* Yes, and ride too without falling: please you to trye my actiuenesse.

*Art.* Prethee recall thy wonted goodnesse home. And with a vertuous scorne shake off this habit Of loose desires; it hath infection in it.

*Ierk.* Nothing comes from thee but documents. I sweare I should love thee much better if thou hadst lesse vertue. I prethee leave thy *Stoicisme*, and become an Epicure with me. My little Cos. here shall prove with undeniable arguments that drinking and wenching are the onely vertues in a gentleman of the last edition: to be excellent at them is a master-piece of education. Besides, they are the onely *arguments* of wit.

*Art.* Yes, to disease it.

*Ierk.* Take heed thy iudgement be not brought in question. Why diseas'd wits are——

*Ieffr.* Better play at small game then sit out. A young gamester may throw in and in.

*Tong.* Very seldome with three dice. Can your littlenesse cogge?

*Ieffr.* Faire play is a gamesters glory. I love to shake the boxe well and then let them run their length.

C

*Art.*

## COVENT GARDEN.

*Art.* Yes, I confesse it; where there is an union  
Of loving hearts, the joy exceed's expression.  
That love is vertuous whose desires doe never  
End in their satisfaction, but increase  
Towards the object. When a beaution frame  
Garnish't with all the lustre of perfection  
Invite's the eye, and tells the searching thoughts  
It holds a richer minde, with which my soule  
Would rather mixe her faculties.

*Jeffer.* Iudge not of a man by his outward dimensions:  
My shape is not so defective to make you doubt perfor-  
mance: let's finde out a convenient place and try.

*Tong.* Alas little one, you'l lose your selfe; you'l never  
hit the way home.

*Ierker.* 'Tis a blisse above the faine'd *Elysium*  
To claspe a dainty waiste; to kisse a lip  
Melts into *Nectar*; to behold an eye  
Shoot amorous fires, that would warme cold Statues  
Into a life and motion; play with hayre  
Brighter then that was stellyfyed.  
And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd  
With thousand satisfactions of this kind,  
Then follow's th' absolutenesse  
Of all delight. But were desire restrain'd  
From variation, soone 'twould satiate,  
And glut it selfe to loathing.

*Jeffer.* Please you to drinke a pint or two of wine: there  
may be provocation in it.

*Tong.* Preserve your courtesie child, and your money:  
Lent's at hand, and then every street wll afford boyes re-  
creation.

*Jeffer.* Why how now impudence! do you flout a man?

*Ierker.* How, a man Cousin!

*Jeffer.* I want not so much of my full age to bee call'd  
a boy.

*Art.* But you must not fall out with the Gentlewoman.  
*Jeffer.*

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*Jeffer.* I desire rather to have fal'n in with her.

*Jerk.* I would not have you so forward Cousin. You must be sure to deale with sound ware.

*Jeffer.* What care I? 'tis but the losse of a mans hayre: an excrementall ornament: wit consists not in't. A man may cover his baldnesse with a periwig, and the fashion take's away the suspicion. I hope I came to *London* to learne wit and the fashion.

*Tong.* Come Mr. *Little-word*.

*Artl.* Adiew Mistris *Tongall*.

*Exeunt Tongall and Little-word, by the right Scene.*

*Jeffer.* I tooke her rather for a Wag-taile.

*Artl.* What silent Gentleman's that?

*Jerk.* His Character in his owne language is I and no; yet he speaks well in paper. He is a wit, but somewhat a dull one.

*Artl.* What serious affaire have they together?

*Jerk.* There are hidden pollicies in the world. Thou hast a bookish humour; I a wenching one; and why may not his dulnes dreame of some rich match! *Mrs. Tongal's* the onely match-maker in the Towne.

*Artl.* Those words create a hell of torment in me. Is there no love: But what's attended by yaine jealousie!

*Jerk.* Art thou in love?

*Artl.* Yes, passionately.

My dreamings, wakings, thoughts and actions  
Are nothing but desire.

*Jerk.* I can assoone credit an impossibility. Thou in love! why 'tis more improbable then the projection of draining Marsh-land with a wind-mill. But prethee what is thee?

## COVENT-GARDEN

*The fifth Seane.**Enter DOROTHY SUSAN in the Balcony.*

*Art.* See where my comforts Sun had set, and you vent  
Breaks through a clowd. Oh that this unkind distance  
Might be contracted into lesser ayre:  
I'de then convey my whispers to her eares;  
And teach her understanding what delight  
Society hath in it.

*Terk.* Sure thou hast not boldnes enough to speake to  
her. Thou wouldst blush, and fall into some patheticall  
booke discourse, or tell her the story of *Hero* and *Leander*,  
to make her tendernesse whine. 'Tis not the way. Get  
accesse to her; and after one mannerly salute, double and  
treble thy kisses; tumble her a little, and if opportunity  
serve, offer the rest: Magick hath not a Philter like it.

*Ieffr.* Is not that a house (Cousin) where the Wen-  
ches are?

*Terk.* Yes, questionlesse.

*Ieffr.* I meane in the sense of —

*Dorot.* Yonder Gentlemen observe us: let's be gone.

*Susan.* Not yet (*Mistris Dorothy.*) Now I have drunke  
a cup of Sack, I must be in love with one of them, him  
that seemes most worthy of a gentleman.

*Dorot.* You have fall'n my glove.

*Sus.* I'll fetch it.

*Exeunt from the Balcony.*

*Art.* Blest accident;

Why doe you stop my haire? let me embrace it.  
Thus with religious worship doe I kisse  
What your white hand hath hallow'd. Ha! shee's gone.  
What envious mischief intercepts the meanes  
Of my desired happinesse! or have mine eyes  
Wasted their beames in gazing on the place

Where.



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Where I first saw her, to imagination  
Fancying her figure.

*Ioffy.* Sure Cousin the gentleman is in love; he talks  
very madly.

*Artl.* Where are the powers of my intellect?  
Reason and understanding have forsaken  
Their proper seats, and left strong passions  
To triumph o're this captiv'd *Microcosm*.

*Ierk.* Now I see thou art mad: but prethee strive to  
conceale it; the place is publique.

### The sixth Scene.

*Enter SUSAN by the middle Scene.*

*Susan.* Pray you Sir, did you take up a Gentlemans  
glove?

*Artl.* It was my happinesse, and 'twould be much in-  
creased, if I might kisse the hand that wore it.

*Susan.* As I am a Gentleman I shall be most carefull  
to give your deservings their due commendations.

*Artl.* May I be bold to enter with you?

*Susan.* You are a stranger Sir, and it may give occasion  
of jealousie. But I am my Ladies Gentleman: I keepe  
the key of her secrets, and if you please, her closet shall  
conceale you; where you may dispose of Suckets and  
Eringoe's for your refreshment. I pray Sir, call not a gi-  
ntleumans freenesse immodesty.

*Artl.* My behaviour shall deserve your good opinion.

*Susan.* Truly Sir, a man could not stand better in the  
conceit of a gentleman at first sight, then you doe in mine.  
I hope your goodnesse will not misconster my readinesse to  
humble my desires to your disposing.

*Artl.* You teach me language which my selfe should use  
But if my gratitude doth seeme to want  
Verball expression, I had rather act



Then promise what I owe you.

*Jeffer.* This is pretty foolery, Cousin.

*Susan.* Sir, you appeare so repleat with goodnesse, that I presume you cannot but answer the desires of a gentleman, who prostrates her love at the feete of your acceptance.

*Arcl.* Doth she love me? what greater secret

Hath Nature in her Workes then sympathie!

I doe conceive a thousand fond expressions,

Which throng so fast, they choake the passage up,

That none can finde an issue.

*Jerk.* Out of fooles Paradise: thou art in it. But pray you Gentleman protract not his satisfaction with these circumstantiall delayes. Whilst Mrs. *Dorothy* and he are busie, you and I will taste the sweet-meats in your Ladies Closet.

*Susan.* I understand you not.

*Jeffer.* He meannes you should lie under him.

*Susan.* Fie little one, that you should so offend the chaste cares of a Gentleman. But to you Sir, the Load-stone of my heart, that turns it selfe at your motions pointing still to the North of your Love.

*Jeffer.* Indeed Mistris 'tis a cold corner, pray turne it to the South, and let my needle run in your Diall.

*Susan.* And since the order of my desires have urg'd my blushes to discover them; let not your appearing worth suffer such a disparagement to contemne a Gentlemans willingnesse.

*Arcl.* How's this! why friend, did she not seeme to come instructed (by direction) with an embassie As to prepare my love?

*Jerk.* No, no, she loves thee her selfe. Take her. Me thinks shee's very beautifull; what pinken-eyes; what a sharpe chin! Why her features transcend *Mopsa's* in the *Arcadia*.

*Jeffer.* Hath she not studied it Cousin, thinke you? and

is

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is transported to a humour of loving every man she sees.  
I have known it in the Countrey in an age-decayed waiting-woman.

*Art.* I cannot answer her; my heart is bigg  
With other thoughts; which till I am deliver'd of,  
I suffer torments.

*Susan.* Vnfortunate Gentleman as I am, to be thus rejected.

*Ieffr.* Will you resigne your interest? I'll court her folly.  
But not t'abuse the others innocence.

*Art.* Take it,  
Whilst I with sighes draw in'th' unwilling ayre  
Which she perfum'd at distance.

*Ieffr.* Pray Gentleman could you love me a little? I'm very sportive.

*Susan.* Truly young Gentleman, I doe not know what  
I may doe when you come to your full growth.

*Ieffr.* Blist my Ladies Gentleman, who taught yoe to  
scoffe at a mans person?

*Susan.* Cry ye mercy little Sir; you may be the father  
of dwarfes. The lack begins to leave working and by this  
time my Ladie expects her gentleman. Farewell, un-  
kind Sir.

*Goes forth by the middle Scene.*

*Jerk.* Farewell loving Gentleman. She hath preven-  
ted me. Sure friend she came but to mocke thee. 'Twas  
little lesse then downeright impudence.

*Ieffr.* Let's to the Taverne Sir, and drowne this passion  
in a cup of Canary.

*Jerk.* Come, come; I was ordained to doe thee good.  
Thou knowst I had a Mistris, whose friends disliking my  
wildnesse, marryed her to the Father of the Gentlewoman  
whom thou lov'st (hornes be his punishment for it.) She  
loves me still; and I doe not despaire of making him Cuc-  
kold. Wee'l arme our selves with a quart or two, and  
then Ile bring thee to her.

*Art.*

*Art.* And me love, wit and fate; that my desires  
Burne not themselves without her equal fires.

*Jerk.* More passions yet! If thou the marke wouldst hit,  
Let Sack inspire thee: 'tis the Soule of Wit.

*Jeff.* Sack that makes Prophets; gives a *Poor* birth;  
And then a wench; *Elysium* upon Earth.

*Exit* by the left Scene.

### Act. 2. Scene. I.

*Enter* SUSAN and WARRANT, by the  
middle SCENE.

SUSAN.

NOW I protest Mr. *Warrant*, you wrong the love of a  
Gentleman, in not imparting the cause of your dis-  
content. Come not fees in roundly? Doe not the Delin-  
quents understand, I'll speake a good word for you?

*Warr.* You are the onely object of my thoughts. 'Tis  
your beauty hath animated my presumptuous weaknes to  
expresse how much my desires are yours.

*Susan.* Alas Mr. *Warrant* how can a poore Gentleman  
deserve it?

*Warr.* Yes, you have power of my Lady, and she much  
acquaintance at Court. A pardon might be got.

*Susan.* A pardon I blesse me, for what?

*Warr.* Not for murder; but for killing (yet not a Man)  
fairely in the field.

*Susan.* Are you earnest?

*Warr.* 'Tis not yet done; onely I am resolv'd to doe it,  
were I but sure of my pardon.

*Sus.* If not a man, what then is it?

*Warr.* A

*Warr.* A more superstitious complement of state formality. One of my Ladies raising. A fellow that hath cross'd caper'd himself out of a Taylor into a gentleman Vicer.

*Susan.* Who Mr. Spruce? but have you chaleng'd him?

*Warr.* Yes, with all due forme and circumstance. The weapon single Rapier; the place the *Place*; the time this moonetime night presently before supper.

*Susan.* And your quarrell my love. Well Mr. Warrant; I know a Gentleman hath interest in a Lord at Court, who hath long bene inward with her. He warrant your pardon. But my Lady expects me.

*Warr.* Dearest part of my selfe: to get my pardon, here's *Spruce*, now will I affront him.

### *The Second Scene.*

*Enter SPRUCE by the middle Scene.*

*Spruce* your being my Ladies Gentleman Vicer, her preambulator or her shewman must not proceed you in the competition of Mrs. *Secretary*'s love.

*Spruce.* *Warrant*, thou art a scribbled shred of baseness to twit me with my Ladies favours, and mine owne deservings. Mrs. *Secretary* is my Ladies gentl. woman, and I will love her by privilege.

*Warr.* By privilege *Spruce*? Thou art a Baboone of formality, and an ape of courtship. When I have kill'd thee, and got my pardon, I will have thy skin stuff'd; and with a protection shew thee at country Faires and Markets for a Ginney Pigme.

*Spruce.* *Warrant*, thou art the *Epitome* of my Masters authority, and the abridgement of his justiceship.

*Warr.* *Spruce*, thou art a very louse, bred in thy cross-legg'd profession; that having suckt a little bloud of Gentility, instead of thy usuall bread breakfast, art grown to a saucy familiarity, with thy maintainers. Thou buy'st thy

laundry in Long-lane or Houndsditch with the impudence  
of a cheater.

*Spruce.* Warrant, thou lyest.

*Warr.* How lie. That some-body were here to stand  
betwixt us. Come not neere me, lest I blast thee with the  
breath of my just indignation.

*Spruce.* Keep at distance Warrant, lest I lame thee, and  
send thee from Constable to Constable in a Wheele-  
barrow.

*Warr.* For this *Spruce* I will not compassionate the good  
parts which my Lady commends in thee. Thy Fiddle-  
sticks shall not save thee; nor thy capring lift thee an inch  
from the ground which I have laid for thy destruction.

*Spruce.* Warrant, thou art the very parings of a Pedan-  
ticke to flout the completnesse of education. Because thy  
dulnesse is capable of no more then to frame *Hetroelstes*  
from mens names, and scribble a warrant or a *missimon* by  
a president; yet thou art a Justices Clerk.

*Warr.* And thou a Ladies Gentleman Visser, a bundle  
of complementall follyes sticke up with how-dee's. I  
will send thee anon upon a visit to the Divell.

### The third Scene.

*Enter SUSAN, by the middle Scene.*

*Susan.* Fie Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, how loud you  
are! my Ladie heares your noise, and is offended.

*Spruce.* Yes my Rapier and mine arme shall maintaine  
it upon his life, I love you best.

*Susan.* Indeed Mr. *Spruce* and I love you.

*Warr.* I'll maintaine it against the life of all the world,  
I love you best.

*Susan.* Truly Mr. *Warrant* and I love you.

*Spruce.* He that offers to love her besides my selfe, dies.

*Susan.* Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, stand but for one  
bottle

bottle of Sack, and be friends; I'll love you both.

*Warr.* I'll brooke no Rivall.

*Spruce.* Nor I; death must determine it.

*Warr.* Remember then, I must to the Cutlers.

*WARRANT goes forth by the middle Scene.*

*Susan.* Though I am but a waiting-uman, I have more wit then to believe this is earnest. As if I did not know them to bee as arrant Cowards, as a Justice Clerke or Gentleman Visser can be; and deserve rather to be whipt by a Satire, then rewarded for their valours with the love of a gentleman. But Mr. *Spruce* doe you meane to fight?

*Spruce.* Yes, and kill him too. I feare nothing but death and the Gallowes; from which you may save me.

*Susan.* As how? she meanes.

*Spruce.* Begg me, I say beg me. Let not my good parts be made unusefull by an untimely turne at Tyburn. Me thinks I see the pittifull spectators condoling me. The fish-wives drowning their dead soles with salt water from their eyes; the Oyster-wives weeping for me in most lamentable pickle. An hundred Chamber-maids running stark mad, and as many more falling into the greene sickness with longing for me. Begg me therefore (I say) resolve to begg me, and make great haste. It is my feare above death, that otherwise some rich City Hoire will prevent you. Resolve therefore to be the first that shall begg me.

*Susan.* As I am a Gentleman Mr. *Spruce*, if you kill him fairely in a duell; and upon no base advantage I'll doe it.

*Spruce.* Confirme it then with a kisse, and inspire an *Herculean* valour into me.

*Susan.* By no meanes at this time. I'll kisse you at the gallowes. My Lady.



## The fourth Scene.

Enter *Lady* and *Dorothy* by the middle Scene.

*Lady*. You see how my obedient youth  
Hath joy'd it selfe with an unequal mate;  
You, aged father, onely to farishe  
The Provident will of Parents: Doe you so  
Fortune hath made me now your Mother:  
Had nature don't, my care could not be greater;  
Nor more my providence to dipose your good.

*Dorothy*. Mother, the duty which I owe my Father  
You (being his) must share: and this expression  
Of more then common love, I must repay  
With more then common gratitude.

*Lady*. Then tell me,  
Now time hath given yout age perfection;  
Your roses are full blowne, and fir for gathering:  
Doe you not long for a husband?

*Dorothy*. Not with much earnestnes: I have as yet  
No passionate desires: as yet no breath  
Poyson'd with *Hyperbolical* flatteries  
Hath courted my poore beauty: no deep voves  
Have paid idolitrous sacrifice of service  
To my faire hands, whose whiteness if but kiss  
Can purifie a soule. Beleeve me yet  
The man's a stranger to my knowing memory  
That ever said he lov'd me.

*Lady*. But take heed:  
There are a sort of fond effeminate men,  
Deepe studied in discursive complement,  
That many times will waste more ayery language  
To take a sollemne leave, then would make up  
A City Oratour.

Beware that no such oyle-tongu'd amorist

Sigh



Sigh forth his passions in thy credulous eares,  
 And captivate thy weaknesse. 'Tis their practise  
 To glory in diversity of Mistresses;  
 And when one frownes or chides their over-daring  
 With a repulse, will not stick to revenge it  
 With a foule defamation of her honour.

*Susan.* Neither can a Gentleman be in love now and  
 then but she is censur'd.

*La.* Let not thine eares drink in their *Rhetorick* charms,  
 Lest they bewitch thy glorious understanding  
 To dote on their pretences, which perhaps  
 Shall be chaste love for it's Creations end,  
 When but their covetous hopes preferre a portion  
 Before your beauty, birth or education;  
 And yet perhaps there is disparitie  
 Twixt lower fortunes, and their weake desert.  
 Deceit's a cunning baud, and many times  
 Makes vertue prostitute it selfe to misery.

*Doroth.* There is a power  
 Call'd Fate, which doth necessitate the will,  
 And makes desire obedient to it's rule.  
 All the resisting faculties of reason,  
 Prevention, feare and jealousy are weake  
 To dishall what in it's firme decrees  
 Is once determin'd. Yet my heart is free,  
 Vnbounded by the stricter limits of  
 Particular affection: so I'll keepe it.  
 No proud ingratefull man shall ever triumph  
 O're the captiv'd sweets of my Virgin love.  
 Nor a vain-glorious gull that offers service  
 To every noyed beauty, boast my favour.  
 I'll cloath my thoughts in humorous observation;  
 And if on any that sollicits love  
 I fixe a liking, I'll refer my selfe  
 To what is destin'd for me.

*Lady.* The resolution's noble; I commend it.

*The fifth Scène.*

*Enter LITTLEWORD and Mrs. TONGALL, by the middle Scene.*

*Lady.* Welcome Mistress *Tongall*; welcome. You are the onely company in the neighbour-hood. A Ladie can ill be without you.

*Tong.* This Gentleman Madame, whom I presume to commend to your Ladiships acquaintance, is of worthy birth and education: the *Littlewords* are not modeste; besides their Auncellors were great Philosophers.

*Susan.* And the latter great fooles.

*Tong.* Goe, and talke to her. I'll tell your Ladiship a strange thing of the *Little-words*. In seven generations there was but one girle, and shee dyed an infant. Contrariwise of the *Tongalls* there's but one man left, that's my Husband, and he's a Lawyer: now your Ladiship knowes hee gets nothing but wenches. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword*.

*La.* Is the Gentleman of so good education?

*Tong.* Extraordinary Madame; hee's a wit. I would my *Iynny* were worthy of him, he should seek no further. I pray Mr. *Littleword* speake to her.

*Lady.* Can he Poetise Mrs. *Tongall*?

*Tong.* Excellently Madame; hee hath things in print. His next dedication shall be to your Ladiship. Why doe you not goe and talke to her?

*Lady.* What estate hath he?

*Tong.* Five hundred a yeare present possession, more in reversion. This Gentleman, Mrs. *Dorothy*, is my friend, and desire's to bee your servant. I have made way now, why doe you not speake to her? I am bold to commend him to your liking.

*Doro.* Pray you Mrs. *Tongall*, what wages takes he?

*Tong.*

*Teng.* You mistake Mrs. *Dorothy*; 'tis your love hee would serve you for.

*Doro.* That's a cold reward; a Livery would keepe him warmer.

*Ten.* Fic, that you will not speake to her. And how doth your Ladiship like an old man?

*Lady.* A cold bed fellow. But Religion and Conscience. Now 'tis done I must love him. Would hee were not jealous.

*Teng.* None are so confident (Madame) as cuckolds. But your Ladiships knowne vertue will soone put out the eyes of his suspicion. Speake to her Mr. *Littlewood*.

*Susan.* I would not now for all the Sacke in *Spain* my loving humour were upon mee. This dumb Gentleman would make me forswear the qualitie.

*Doro.* Sure Mrs. *Tengall* your friend would make an excellent midwife; he can keepe secrets.

*Teng.* 'Tis his modestie Mrs. *Dorothy*. Blesse mee that you would not speake to her.

*The sixth Scene.*

*Enter JERKER, ARTLOVE and JEFFREY.*

*by the middle Scene.*

*Jerk.* Madame, I am bold to commend this Gentleman who will deserve your acquaintance.

*Artl.* As far as my power will extend to expression.

*La.* You are welcome Mr. *Jerk* and this Gentleman, and shall bee whilst your visits are seasonable. But you know I have a jealous husband.

*Jerk.* There are medicines to cure it Madame.

*Jeffr.* May not I salute the Ladie Cousin?

*Jerk.* 'Tis but courtesie and manners.

*Jeffr.* I am bold with your Ladiships lip.

*La.* 'Tis marvell you blush not. So bold and so young!

By

By that time you come to your full growth pretty Gentleman, you'll make up the number of the ten Worthies.

*Ioffr.* Madame, I am neither Infidell, Jew, nor good Christian; though I am little, I dare be your Ladishipp's Champion in an active skinnish.

*Tong.* This 'tis to be backward: you'll never thrive in any thing unless you are more forward. Lose such an opportunity with not speaking to her!

*Lady.* Secretarie.

*Susan.* Madam.

*Lady.* Goe, and direct the Cooke.

*SUSAN goes forth by the middle Scene.*

*Art.* How on a sodaine my retolues are numb'd,  
And frozen into silence, that confirms  
The first distrust of my knowne undeservings,  
I dare not speake.

*Doroth.* Shall I have another dumb servant! Are you not well Sir?

*Art.* Well Ladie I yes. Healeth it selfe  
Is a discase in others; if compar'd  
With th' absolute state of mine. Where you are present  
Sicknesse can have no power over frailtie.  
The beames which your bright eyes shoor, purifie  
The most infectious ayre. Your words distill  
A Balme more precious then that Miracle  
The *Chymicks* dreame of.  
At distance I have often seene your beauty;  
And thence receiv'd a fire, whose quickning flames  
Did animate my soule, that else was earthy,  
A lump of passive dulnesse; now 'tis active:  
And if you please to cherish it, shall pay  
All it's derivative abilities  
Vnto your lowest service.

*Doroth.* You too much flatter my unworthinesse:  
And in that likewise derogate  
From your owne fulnesse of admired merit.

Thun-

# COVENT-GARDEN.

25

Th' unskillful *Physiognomist* may read

In your bright forehead, and your former exactness,

A man repleat with all perfections.

Whose very superfluities might be

Additions to the barren worths of others.

*Jerk.* And can there be greater disparity?

Would it not seeme a Prodigie in nature,

To have greene Summer with her rose-crown'd head

Kisse the white ascles from Winters beard?

Extinguish her bright fires in his cold bosom?

Madame, I know your sportive Youth desires

A more proportion'd mixture. Come, let us

Fire put to fire increaseth active Flames;

Contraries dull each other with confusion:

Such are the frozen kisses of your Husband,

Vnto your warme delights.

*Art.* Ladie, if any Worth appeare in me

It must derive it's substance from your liking:

Had I intus'd into me all the excellence

Of those *Herrick*, whom the Poets fain'd;

Were I made up with all Perfections

That Fiction ever painted, to expresse

Desert in freshest colours;

Vnlesse you cal'd it worth, twere but a subject

For base contempt, though popular admiration

Gav't divine Attributes. Since you commend

The faculties your whitenesse must dispose of—

*Iss.* Aske your husband leave; by this hand I would

not aske an Alderman leave to Cuckold him. So he might

take example from a Citty kinde one, whose Wife long'd

to kisse a Lord: upon which he grew so proud for being

exalted above the rest of his neighbours, that he would

suffer none to Cuckold him ever after but Lords.

*Dor.* By no meanes Sir,

Wrong not your Judgement, which must needs bee ab-

The choice of me

(Solite.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

Is too inferiour to your richer value.

The *Cyprian* Queene had thee but leene your face,  
Would ne'r have dy'd the roses with her blood,  
Wept on their paleness for *Adonis* losses.

But circled in a ring of all her graces

Court your celestiall forme upon the bosome  
Of some more fragrant *Tamora*.

*Artl.* She mocks me here.

*Dor.* Did *Syrinx* hear your voice they would give o're  
Their own malicious charms: and through the witchcraft  
Of it's more powerfull musicke, rage with madnesse;

Leaving their proper element to dye

In the pursuit of sweeter melody.

*Artl.* This grosse flattery, Ladie,

Commends your wit, rather then your good nature.

My heart is a plaine heart, and my desires

Are truly veruous, not to be condemn'd.

*Lady.* Fie, Mr. *Jerky*! besides the words incivility,  
I did not expect such absurditie in a reputed wit. Could  
you not have couch'd it better: shall I have leave to doe  
your Ladiship a piece of night service; or so. Come,  
come, forbear these wicked sollicit, or I shall disclaime  
the promise of my favours reversion when my old Hus-  
band die's, if nature be not mercilesse, and I goe first.

*The Seventh Scene.*

*Enter Sir GEMEROVS WORTHY, and young WORTHY,*  
*by the middle SCENE.*

*Sir Gen.* Ha! what's here! Courtship on all hands?

*Lady.* My Husband.

*Dor.* My Father, and my Brother.

*T. Worth.* I like not this.

*Sir Gen.* Mr. *Jerky*, you are welcome, I hope; having  
fail'd in his old, hee hath not a new suit; that as I made  
her



# EDYNDGARDEN?

27

her a Ladie, shes should bestow an honourable Crest up-  
on mee.

*Ierk.* Let his jealousie conster it into truth.

*Lady.* He shall neuer be but a Valcome.

*Ierk.* Madame, however I appear in my wildnesse; I  
shall continue to your Ladishup in my first desires. So wish  
this tribute of my devotion.

*Aril.* I would first kisse your hand.

*Dor.* My lip being too unworthy.

*Tow.* I take my leave Madame.

*Lady.* Farewell Mistress Targell.

*Sir Gen.* Son, schoole your Sister. Come with me Wife.

*T. Wer.* Sister, I can but wonder much, that you

Should make yout selfe the object of their Courtship,  
Who beare perhaps but th' empty names of Gentlemen,  
Without the reall qualities.

*Dor.* What meant you (Brother) by this intro-  
duction?

*T. Wer.* Sister, to take the priviledge of discretion,  
And schoole your ignorant courtier, that opens  
The shadowes and apparances of Men  
Confer your favours.

*Dor.* Brother, you have accused your selfe  
In this discourse, but to all eyes, I am a thing of  
Think not my judgement false, for I will not

That I can build a rash on Compliments,  
Or (with rash passion) run into an error.

Nothing but knowne desert shall ere my thoughts  
To a staid liking, & I may distinguish

And when my change I find, it shall be to the  
As your fraternall love must not dispute w<sup>th</sup> I.

*T. Wer.* Sister, my counsell is wild, nor  
Nor would I have you violent in desires

Of a suspected folly. Guilt is a dangerous thing  
To make excuse. But my one selling is

Be bent thus willingly to persist in my love

*Dor.*

IO

Offend'd dishonour, be assur'd my Spirit  
Shall rage with such an anger, playes ne're painted.

*Dor.* Dishonour Brother, haue a spirit too,  
That scornes as much in Act as I do in thought.  
As you, or any Masculine pretender  
To noble Vertues. Guile is prest still  
To be suspitious. If a maid be free  
In her discourse, and countenance  
She straighe is censur'd. But let a man appeare  
Stuck full of spith Counsaile, light, inconstant,  
As talkative as Parrats, she are taught  
A voyces imitation, one that cooies  
Every hand beauty with a seeming scale,  
As if his soules devotion were set on a boyes  
Obedience to his Cōdemnation, thus stands the  
A well-bred complementall Gentleman  
Mens greatest sollicit, if compar'd with ours,  
Are vertues, fit for our imitation.

*Her.* Sister, your Supplication  
The laste reach not me.

*Dor.* They are but suppositions Brother,  
And pray suppose the Gentleman thus feind  
To court my beauty, was indeed a man  
Not guiled in perfection, one whose words  
Were full of weight, whose passion were sound,  
Whose reall vertues did begot an envie,  
Perhaps an emulation in all others,  
And from the freedom of his richer minde  
He gave himselfe and them to be my seruants;  
What gratitude is so high as equal this?

*Her.* I know you are free,  
And rather then a complementall seruant  
Should be discourag'd in his serious wantonnesse,  
You'll give it countenance to make him bold  
In's amorous pursuits perhaps to all impudence  
Of a lascivious charge upon your modestie,  
Because you scorne ingratitude.

*Dor.*

*Derot.* Brothers did not the ties  
 Of love and nature check my forward aptnesse,  
 I'de tell you y<sup>e</sup> are not noble, and suspect  
 Whether your mind hold that derivative goodnesse  
 Which generous bloud communicates, to suspect  
 Her resolute constancie whom you call Sister.  
 Thinke not your being a man prerogative  
 To be the onely Counsellor in manners  
 Brothers though to your person I am partiall.  
 Through confidence of your speaking venture  
 The generall vices noted in your face,  
 Such as with publique ostentation  
 You glory to be guiltie of, which in  
 Our very thoughts raise blaspemy  
*Exit Sister no more.*  
 Leaving these circumstances arguement,  
 Pray let a Father care and Brothers love  
 Commend him first whom you intend for Husband:  
 You'l finde us tyrantes else. Name it kind,  
 But if provokt, the birth a Tigers mind.  
 Ile finde him out and satisfy my selfe  
 How farr he is deserving.

*Exit forth by the middle Scene.*

*Derot.* How is our weaknes crodden and insulted on  
 By these imperious men! Aid me resolves  
 Against their threats and counsels, unless grounded  
 On stronger reasons then suspicion.  
 As the pure Oate refin'd exceeds in value  
 Treble proportions of the coarser dross;  
 So true desert in him an outward gloss.

*Exit forth by the middle Scene.*

## Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter DOROTHY and SUSAN, in  
the BALGONE.

*Susan.* Come Mrs. Dorothy, here's a Moone would make a great belied man long for greene cheese. He thinks tis pleasant taking the ayre by Moone-shine.

*Doro.* But tis not so pleasant. The night infects the ayre with unwholsome vapours.

*Susan.* A fig for these Physicall observations. I have knowne a Doctor physician call down a Gentleman for three quarters of a peece. But if ever I lie under any of them for the space of three hours.

*Doro.* He would not.

*Susan.* Why I doe not knowe his times. But what doe you thinke made me to come to have you hither?

*Doro.* Some waighty business. You have drunke a cup of sack, and were a Gentleman to bee in love with.

*Susan.* No such matter. He nor drunke a drop more till towards supper.

*Doro.* Blesse me; but what whos?

*Doro.* They are my neighbours, and Mr. Sympson though he be a Taborer, was once the foolish riddance in my head. I had almost said a dagger, but tis a sword; and my Fathers Cutler.

*Susan.* And that's a terrible one. But I saw the Cutler bring him a sword: I saw it naked, which was enough to fright many a gentleman: I saw him trie it on a bar of iron in the kitchen; and many more fearful preparations.

*Doro.*

*Doro.* But will not you prevent them?

*Susan.* By no means, unless there were more danger. 'Twill be mirth for this twelve-month, if our eyes (through this imperfect Moone-light) can but reach the sight of them. What confident daring will be betwixt them at some great distance?

*Doro.* And what's their quarrell?

*Susan.* The love of a Gentleman, I assure you.

*Doro.* Your selfe perhaps.

*Susan.* No otherwise indeed. My beauty is the object of their valour. The Combatants will enter presently. The Knight of the *Lakburne*, and the Knight of the *Spanish Needle*.

*Doro.* Both affecting the Lady of the *Cheser*. But Mrs. *Secretary*, what if my Lady Mothers Chamber-maid and *Jacqu* in the Kitchen were here?

*Susan.* For you to make them Ladies, as you have done me. Indeed they might serve by Moone-light; the day perhaps would discover a greasie Gentry.

*Doro.* Fic; now you forget your selfe.

*Susan.* 'Tis ordinary for a waiting-Gentleman but newly made a Lady to forget her selfe. But see, I am prevented from proceeding. Let us observe.

*The second Scene.*

*Enter WARRANT, and a little after him SPRUCE,*  
*by the middle SCENE.*

*Warr.* 'Tis a good sword; it cost me two pieces. No matter. Many a mans death hath cost more at the Physicians. Who would be afraid to kill a man; when hee is sure of his pardon?

*Doro.* Hee is now in some deepe meditation of your beautie.

*Susan.* See Mistris, there's the other.

*Spruce.*

*Spruce.* That sure is *Warrant*. He goes this way. 'Tis shall never be said I went after a man to kill him, though I am confident *Mistress Secretary* will begg me.

*Derv.* They goe contrary wayes. Wee shall not see the fight. They meane to meete and end it at the *Asipodes*.

*Warr.* But what should I thinke of killing him? I know hee dare as well take the waile of a drunken Constable, or juggle a Buffe-coat leading a wench, as meet me.

*Susan.* Me thinks I perceive them stand.

*Spruce.* Yes, yes, 'tis *Warrant*: I smell him hitherto.

*Warr.* Is not that *Spruce*? certainly 'tis hee. Me thinks I see him tremble hitherto. Hee dare not come neere me; and I scorne to goe to him to kill him: It may hinder my pardon. Therefore he shall assault me first.

*Derv.* Why, they are fixt. Hath not feare congel'd them into stones?

*Susan.* Dissolv'd them rather into gelley.

*Warr.* That some good fellow would but come and beat the cowardly Rascall.

*Spruce.* That some Sharke would come now and take away his hat or cloake.

*Susan.* Now could I fancy in my imagination what they say. Mr. *Warrant*. O that I had this Coward *Spruce* here: I would dismember him; and then what Gentleman would care a rush for him? Now Mr. *Spruce* hath studied the *Aradia*. He sayes. Oh that I had this *Warrant* here: It would cut him into *arades*: that wheresoever the Sun shines, the *trappings* of my renowned victorie might bee visible.

*Warr.* That he would but come a little neerer.

*Spruce.* That hee were but within twice my sword's length.

*Warr.* I would I had but a leg or an arme of him, since he will not come, that I may kill him.

*Spr.* That I had but his head here; how I would shave it.

*The*



*The third Scene.*

*Enter RALPH and DOBSON by the left Scene.*

*Ralph.* This is the vertue of Sack boy. Who would toile in durt for whay and butter-milke, or the windie juice of Pome-waters upon Sundayes? Now could I be as valiant as—nothing.

*Dobf.* I could fight with an Army of *Polecats*, so they were not Women.

*Ralph.* I could take the wall of three times three Taylors, though in the morning, and at a Bakers stall.

*Dobf.* That were a way to have thy skin bodkind full of ilet holes.

*Ralph.* If I should throw downe three or foure postes.

*Dobf.* What then?

*Ralph.* What then I why, I would not stay to take them up.

*Susan.* Who are these? observe.

*Ralph.* Give me an armour of Sack; I am shot-free.

*Dobf.* Whilst my Master paye's the reckoning.

*Susan.* Mistris *Dorothy*, I have fallen'd on a designe for rare sport. My friends.

*Dorot.* Will you talke to strangers in the street?

*Ralph.* What say you pretty paire of Wag-tailes? doe you want Play-mates?

*Susan.* Will you doe a courtesie for a Gentleman?

*Ralph.* Within dores, or without?

*Susan.* You seeme to be valiant.

*Dobf.* They that trie us shall finde our mettall.

*Susan.* Perceive you not two men yonder in soverall places?

*Ralph.* Wee see something, but they may as well be *hockes*.

*Susan.* For any manhood that's in them. If you will but  
F. beat

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beat them a little, besides a Gentlemans thanks, some other reward shall attend it.

*Ralph.* How are we sure they are Cowards?

*Susan.* You may trust the word of a Gentleman.

*Dobf.* Come, come, thou standest doubting like a cowardly foole. These may bee Gentlewomen of good fashion, and apt to take fire at valour. Who knowes what preferment's neere us? We have persons.

*Ral.* Why then forwards: call upon sack, *Dobf.* sack.

*Warr.* Who are these come towards me? my courage begins to have an ague.

*Spruce.* Who may these be? my wish (I hope) some good fellows to rob him.

*Dobf.* What was our Commission *Ralph* to beat them, and not kill them.

*Ralph.* To kill them and not hurt them? Call upon Sacke, *Dobf.* I begin to be afraid. I can perceive his sword; he shakes it fearfully.

*Dobf.* Draw thine then; and sack, sack the walles of Troy.

*Warr.* The rogue *Spruce* hath sent them to beate mee. 'Tis so. I must shift for my selfe.

*Ralph.* Sirrah, thou man of feare and trembling. Call upon Sacke, *Dobf.*

*Warr.* Alas, what meane you Gentlemen?

*Ralph.* Not so gentle neither. Wee are fiery furious, and command thee in the name of Sack, resigne thy weapon; and submit to be corrected by our valour.

*Warr.* Kinde Gentlemen, I hope you'l not kill me. I'll doe any thing, rather then be kill'd.

*Ralph.* A handsome beating shall asswage our fury.

*Warr.* Sweet Gentlemen, I'll doe any thing rather then be beaten.

*Spruce.* 'Tis so; they are robbing him, and I come to aid him. Teach the rogue to be such a coward; he might have come to me.

*Dobf.*

*Dobb.* Are you prepar'd Sir?

*Warr.* Mercifull Gentlemen: I have some money, a Cloake, and a good Beaver: I'll give you all, and forgive you too, so you'll not beat me.

*Dobb.* This was beyond our expectation.

*Ralph.* Our mercy may bee brought to a composition. But should we be pittifull, could you be content, since you cannot fight in your owne defence, to lye in our defence.

*Warr.* I'll say or sweare any thing, rather then be kill'd or beaten.

*Ralph.* That we did beat you?

*Warr.* That you left mee dead. I'll lye at a Surgeons these two moneths; and pretend that my skull was broken in twelve places: that halfe my braines were putrified and taken out. I'll be mad all my life after to confirme people in the beliefe of it.

*Ralph.* Depart then, and praise us.

*Warr.* Yes, at the gallows. I'll have you hang'd for robbing me: I shall teach you to attempt any thing on a Iustices Clerke.

*Goes forth by the right Scene.*

*Susan.* Nay, pray you stay a little longer.

*Doras.* I am weary: wee'll imagine the rest done. I'll send my Brother forth to make them friends.

*Exeunt from the Balcone.*

*Spruce.* 'Tis done sure. Now will I home, proclaime him a coward, and triumph. Ha! doe they way-lay mee! the rogue hath hir'd them to beat or rob me. An azue of feare is upon me. Now could I wish my selfe transform'd into a beast, and have foure legs. These two which have beene my most usefull members will surely faile.

*Ralph.* Sirrah, you Raskall.

*Spruce.* You mistake Sir, I am a Gentleman Vsher.

*Ralph.* Then thou abuser of wit and good cloathes, be mannerly, and uncover to thy betters.

*Spruce,*

*Spruce.* I hope Gentlemen you doe not meane to rob me? Trust me, I have no money, but a few farthings of my Ladies to give poore people.

*Ralph.* We will be satisfied with a small diminution of your plentifull Wardrobe. Wee know you have more Cloakes and Beavers at home.

*Spruce.* No I protest Gentlemen I have but this onely case for my Carriage: and 'twill not be quite paid for till the next quarter.

*Dobf.* Why then Sir, we will beat you handfomly, and that shall allay our fury.

*Spruce.* Nay kinde Gentlemen, I had rather stand to my Ladies bountie, then be beaten.

*Ralph.* Why then thanke our mercy and depart, whilst we like honest theeves share our booty.

*Spruce.* And I find out the Constable.

*Exit Spruce by the right Scene.*

### *The fourth Scene.*

*Enter ARTIOVE by the left Scene.*

*Art.* How glorious shew's heaven with trembling lights  
Sparkling their distant beames! The full orb'd Moone  
Borne on night's dewie wings, rides in her Sphere;  
And throwes the shine which from her brothers rayes  
She borrowes to illuminate the earth  
Through thinner ayre, where no condensed vapours  
Are interpos'd to let her piercing eye  
From seeing that which she gives sight to. Yet  
My heart is wrapt in clouds of leaden sadness.  
Love is not that in me which others feigne it.  
I dreame not of delights; my busie fancie  
Presents no fabulous heaven. A hell of torment  
Darkens my mind's bright faculties; and reason  
suffers it selfe to be eclips'd by passion.

*Dobf.*

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*Deb.* Now wee are enter'd *Ralph.* what if we made this our profession? many a one lives by it.

*Ralph.* And many a one is hang'd for it.

*Art.* Oft have these instruments of heavens influence  
Scene my contemplative watchings;  
When with profound and an unwearied search  
I have scan'd the causes of their great effects;  
And waded through the most inscrutable secrets  
Both of the mediate and immediate nature.  
But coming once to read a Womans face,  
There were so many heavens, that every thought  
In me, requir'd a severall understanding,  
To give each severall grace a severall name,  
And definition.

*Deb.* Thou art afraid of the gallows?

*Ralph.* Not much of the gallows without a hangman.

*Art.* The *Chaos* and the earth were loves first Parents;  
And yet the child did give the Parents forme.  
What Riddles are in nature!

Man's a disorder'd Masse, a meere confusion  
Of rude, inanimate sense and understanding.  
Vntill inspir'd with loves diviner soule.  
The sense is tir'd, unless it varye's objects.  
Knowledge would be finite, were not the mind  
Delighted with diversitie.

But love's a subject for eternall studie;  
And one faire booke preserv'd so, a full library.

*Deb.* I am resolv'd; I'll nor spare man, woman nor  
child; whilst the sack works.

*Ralph.* For women and children let me alone: if I fall  
upon the one, I'll soone get the other.

*Art.* What fabulous errors learning is attended with!  
*Plato's* five Worlds; their sempiternitie;  
*Pythagoras* transmigration; and opinions  
Judgement would blush to father. But a woman,  
Did men contemplate such a one as I doe,



They'd Make her all those Worlds; and then include  
All the fam'd excellence of former beauries  
In her more perfect frame.

*The fifth Scene.*

*Enter young WORTH by the middle Scene.*

*T. Wor.* Is't possible such shew of resolution  
Should appear in Cowards? I'll make them friends.  
And that being done mine owne Intentions  
Must be pursu'd to finde that Gentleman  
Court'd my Sister. Love of all sorts bends  
It selfe to courses for it's severall ends.

*Dobf.* Now for a daring Constable.

*Ralph.* Without his staffe of authoritie, or a fortification of Sack. A Constable may be valiant when hee commands others what he cannot doe himselfe.

*T. Wor.* What! my paire of valiant Cowards? I friend already.

*Dobf.* How! Cowards? I swallow that word, or it shal choake thee.

*T. W.* These fellows have out-gone their Commissior and rob'd them. I was a wise man to come abroad with out a sword.

*Ralph.* Hee hath never a sword. Sirrah, thou man of presumption, that hast profan'd our incomparable valour redeeme thy forfeited life of our mercie with some gold or silver pictures out of thy silken pockets.

*T. Wor.* They'l rob me too: Why, Gentlemen; silke clothes have not money in them at all times.

*Ralph.* Hee looks terribly *Dobson*. Call upon Sack.

*Dobf.* I will cleave him at one stroke.

*T. W.* Doe you meane to murder a Gentleman?

*Artl.* Murder a Gentleman the voyce came thence.  
Here's cut him, though danger and destruction



Met me with open mouths. Villaines, desist.

*T. W.* You have done a benefit I must acknowledge.

*Art.* That's to reward it fir; from which base ends  
Good actions should be free. I'de gladly heare  
A short relation of the Accident.

*Dobf.* Why dost thou quake so *Ralph*?

*Ralb.* Why dost thou tremble so *Dobson*? I dare bee  
whipt if these bee not some kin to the Gentlewoman that  
sent us hither from the thing at yonder house.

*T. W.* Were you sent to rob or kill me?

*Dobf.* Alas Gentlemen, we are very ingrums.

*Ralph.* Meere Country Animals. Wee have valour to  
steale a May-pole, or rob the Parsons Hens-nest: but to  
kill a man as far from our intents or daring, as pittie from  
an Executioner, or bashfulness from a Jingo.

*T. W.* Forbear the rest. This affords me matter: Re-  
turne to that house, there leave your bootie and receive  
your reward; onely this I'll keepe.

*Ralph.* With all our hearts; wee had rather any body  
should have them, then the hangman both them and us  
for them. Come *Dobson*, we have got the money yet; and  
a little sack will animate us againe. My soul's under foot;  
I must raise it: But if ever I quarrell againe by Moone-  
shine unlesse I am drunk, valour forsake me.

*Go forth by the left Scene.*

*T. W.* Blest Accident 'tis surely the same.

After a stricter view, my memory  
Vnlesse it erres, tells me I have seene your person  
Before this at my fathers.

*Art.* If you are the son of Sir *Gineworth* Worthy.

*T. H.* It was the blessing  
Nature and Fortune did bestow on me.

*Art.* It is indeed a blessing, when the vertues  
Of noble Races are hereditary;  
And doe derive themselves from th'imitation  
Of vertuous Ancestours. You have a faire Sister.

*T. H.*

*T. W.* Her beaurie is not worth your commendations.

*Art.* Your modestie is too severe  
In your restraint from praising her pure excellence,  
Which should be Poets studie; not with fiction,  
And common figures, but diviner attributes:  
Then they must call it nothing but it selfe.

*T. W.* Have I found you? I shall search you deeper.

*Art.* The subjects weight would make a Poem weighy;  
And take away the imputation  
Which seeming solidnesse would throw upon  
Of a light fancy.

*T. W.* It seemes you love my Sister?

*Art.* He were a Divell did not love such goodnesse.  
It is the onely vertue fraiky boasts of,  
To love faire sensuall objects: but my soule  
Hath noted inward beaurty in her mind,  
Which makes me glory (though it be presumption)  
That I doe love her.

*T. W.* Can't not presumption sir, you doe deserve her;  
In that you have indear'd me for my life  
Who am her Brother. And I commend your wit,  
Which I presume my Sisters love hath whetted.  
'Twas a quaint Plott. Weren't Actors here againe,  
I'd pay their wages.

*Art.* Your Riddle needs some *Oedipus* to solve it.

*T. W.* Why sir, ridiculous fables  
May sometimes serve for imitation.  
Though twere a meere appointment in this rescue,  
To shew your love and valour.

*Art.* What base suspicion  
Poysons his jealous thoughts! 'Tis injurie  
Beyond all patience.

*T. W.* Alas sir, you are mov'd?

*Art.* Yes, to an indignation, whose just heat  
Burnes me almost to rage. But there are charmes

And

And spels about you conjure downe my spirit.  
You are her Brother.

*Young. Wer.* It seemes your guilt dare not denie the truth ?

*Artl.* Dare not denie it ;  
Were thy hands armd with Thunder ;  
Hadst thou a *Gorgon* looke, wer't not her Brother,  
Ring'd in the terror of a thousand Jibbets  
And executioners, I have a point  
Should finde thy hart out.

*T. W.* But I must tell you fir,  
Seldome high spirits that pursue their honours,  
With earnest flights, will stoop at weake respects :  
But preu upon th'opinion of those men  
That scan their actions ; tearing their reputations  
Out of suspitions bowels. Hee's not a Gentle man  
Will not preserve his honour.

*Artl.* Your speech, Sir,  
Savours of strange severity. My honour  
Is that part of my selfe, without which  
The man that's in me can have no subsisting.  
Honour's the greatest of exterior goods,  
And must be still pursu'd as the reward  
Due unto vertue, through the greatest dangers.  
Yet fortitude is not the appetite  
Of formidable things, nor inconsult  
Rashnes ; but vertue fighting for a truth ;  
Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing  
Good or bad causes. Thinke me not a Coward  
Because I am not rash : nor through defect  
Of better counsell, doe not resist the force  
Of will or passion ; howsoe're your jealousy  
Proceeding from our better thoughts infection  
Hath beene a provocation. And perhaps  
The love I beare your Sister, will appeare  
Your chiefest safety.

*T. Wer.* In an attempt of right

I have more safetie heere then your pretences  
Can arme me with. But if you love my Sister,  
It must be honourable and not wanton :  
She will finde Champions else:

*Artl.* It must be honourable !

Those words include a doubt works strangely in me.  
Love must not wrack my reputation.

Sir, I begin to scan the circumstance,  
And conster your intention. You would trie me :  
But your temptations have beene too abusive.  
And now my resolution is prepar'd  
To doe my credit justice.

*T.W.* You will not fight with me that am her Brother ?

*Artl.* There's Magick in those words.

*T.W.* I doe presume my Sister will reward you  
For these expressions. She is free to pay  
Her servants promis'd wages ; be it kisses,  
Or any other dalliance.

(sies,

*Artl.* What a prophane breath from his blacke mouth  
Would poison all the idolatrous religions  
That e're aw'd wicked mortalls.

He is not sure her brother, but some impostor,  
That onely counterfeits his worthier person.  
I could be patient at the lye, or Coward,  
Or any thing that can make passion violent.  
But her bright honour staine'd's a cause of justice  
To arme a Nation. Draw, if th'art a man ;  
And with the plea of valour, (if th'ast any)  
Defend thy errors : Draw thy sword.

*T.W.* Not against him that loves my Sister.

*Artl.* Is my just anger mock't ! love made ridiculous !  
Draw ; lest I make my selfe an Executioner.  
And doe an act of justice on thy guilt.

*T.W.* Never against your bosome, where a spirit  
So truly noble dwel's, that hath converted  
All my faign'd jealousies to usefull love.

*Artl.* I

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*Art.* I am confounded to amazement.

*T. W.* Pray reconcile all your distractions.  
Let not the least distrust abuse your confidence  
Of what I undertake. My Sister's yours,  
If the advise of me that am her Brother,  
And interested in her good or ill,  
Can be prevailing.

*Art.* Then requesting Sir,  
That you'll presume no more upon the priviledge  
Of that pure love I beare your vertuous Sister  
Tadmit a jealousie of any action,  
Or thought of mine which tends not unto noblenesse,  
Next unto her my bosome holds you deare,  
And shall doe ever.

*T. W.* Somine the like. Thus noble causes  
Put fire into the spirits of full men.  
Though sometimes seeming valour may arise  
Through lust or wine, from hatredull cowardise.

*Go forth by the left Scene.*

## Act. 4. Scæn. I.

*Enter IERKER and IEFREY, with a  
Drawer, by the left Scène.*

BOY.

**A** Non, anon Sir, by and by.  
*Ier.* Some more wine Boy. Is Mr. *Artlove* return'd?

*Boy.* Not yet Sir.

*Jeffrey.* Poore Gentleman; hee's complaining to the  
Moone, or studying the event of his love in the Starres.  
Mee thinks I could make a counterfeit expression of his  
passions to the life.

G 2

Drop

Drop from thy *Sphere* thou silver Ministresse  
Of watry light; dance no unquall motions  
On thy foure orbes; but quench thy paler fires  
In Loversteares, that all inconstancie  
May so be drown'd. I would I were in love Cousin.

*Ierk.* Before you are capable of it.

*Jeffer.* Why Cousin, is it not defin'd to be youth's folly I  
Indeed, all things in Youth are folly.

*Ierk.* Not so Coz, all folly may be in Youth:  
But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion,  
That tempers it to use; and make's it judgement  
Equall if not exceeding that which Paleys  
Hath almost shaken into a diseafe.  
But why would you be in love Coz.

*Jeffer.* That I might Poetize: you know 'tis the onely  
dancing Master to teach the Art of Measures; though I  
have knowne Poets scarce able to stand on their feet.

*Ierk.* Then you would write *Satyres* Coz?

*Jeffer.* 'Tis your dancing conceit. But the Grinkums  
Cousin cleaves not the feete.

*Enter Dasher.*

*Ierk.* Mr. *Dasher*, this freeness hath doubled the favor;  
vizit us of your owne accord!

*Dash.* Gentlemen my selfe, and all that depends on my  
selfe, or on any thing that hath dependance on my selfe,  
is at your service.

*Jeffer.* I should desire your wife then.

*Dash.* Sweet young Gentleman, you are the *Epitome* of  
a faire body, and shall command the Commander of my  
selfe and family. I will but present a glasse of Greeke  
Sacke to the hands of a noble Lord, and returne to serve  
you.

*Exit.*

*Ierk.* You have a verme Sir, I could wish communi-  
cated.

*Jeffer.* What's that Cousin?

*Ierk.* To cozzen Cousin.

*Jeffer.*



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*Jeffer.* And would you learne it?

*Jerk.* The *Theoris*, but not the *Practicke*. I converse much in Tavernes; and the use should onely be a thrifty prevention.

*Jeffer.* As my observation hath taught me something in a bawdy house, where they cannot change money.

*Enter Dasher.*

*Dash.* Now Gentlemen dispose of your servant.

*Jerk.* Indeed Mr. *Dasher* our Wine's naught.

*Dash.* How I naught I who drew it? name but your drawer; he is punish't whilst you pronounce it. I'll not keepe an offensive mouse that eats the crums under my table, but shall pay his life to doe you service. *Exit.*

*Jeffer.* Why Cousin, the Wine's good;

*Jerk.* I onely gave him matter for a complement.

*Jeffer.* 'Tis pittie to abuse him that is so apt to abuse himselfe. But what doe you muse on Cousin?

*Jerk.* I am studdying a conceited health.

*Jeffer.* Why to the long standing of *Banbury* May-pole.

*Jerk.* No Puritan will pledge that.

*Jeffer.* Yes, the Good-wives: they'll finde dancing a more wholesome exercise for the body, then some of their Doctrines for the Soule.

### *The second Scene.*

*Enter ARTLOVE and young WORTHY,*  
*by the left Scene.*

*Jerk.* Ar't come friend, and Mr. *Worthy*?

*T. W.* Our mutuall loves.

*Enter Dasher.*

*Dash.* I am bound to serve you Gentlemen; and I wish my rooffe were worthier, and my disordered houshold order'd to your content.

*Artl.* We are bound to thanke your readinesse.

*Dash.* Gentlemen, your servant will send his servants to wait upon you presently. *Exit.*

*Jerk.* What accident brought you two together?

*Artl.* The mercie of my Starres: but what event  
Their influence will direct, I cannot prophesie.

I pray thee be carefull, hee's a *Cynick* noter

Of men and of their manners *Jerk.* If he bite,  
Here's that shall blunt his fangs.

*Artl.* Good friend be milde;

Temper thy passions here. Scandall may grow  
From low foundations to an heighth of infamy.  
Thou know'st my temperance doth not oft frequent  
These publike places.

*T. Wor.* Sir, the relation 'twixt a son and father  
May make you jealous of my partiall nature.  
Trust me, I never yet was so indulgent  
To mine owne weaknesse, that untill my judgement  
Had made a full distinguishment of causes,  
I could bee violent in his defence  
Farther then filiall dutie; which sometimes  
Hath stretcht it selfe to counsell and advice  
Against suspition. For though your wild behaviour  
In some particular actions might provoke him,  
Shee whom new dutie makes me now call mother  
Hath given large testimonie of her vertue  
Even to satisfaction of all goodnesse;  
Although his age (in other things judicious)  
Cannot so easily admit beliefe,  
And safer confidence.

*Jerk.* Though I appeare,

In outward carriage apt to make distrust  
Condemne me vicious; yet my Soule retaines  
(Besides a generous disposition  
Deriv'd from noble blood) some scrupulous sparkes  
Of better conscience. Call it not selfe-flattery

In that I am mine owne defenses instrument.  
Report sufficiently may informe your knowledge,  
(Nor is it error) that my interest  
In her you now call Mother  
Was beyond all dispute: our equall loves  
Mov'd in one circle; and our thoughts were fixt;  
Nor can I varie; thee's the object still  
Of my desires. I confesse I use  
Wanton sollicites; and should scarce resist  
My wishes satisfaction she consenting.  
But those delights would end in such a loathing,  
That I should never more have mercifull thought  
There can be any goodnesse left in Woman.

*T. W.* This jarres upon my heart-strings.

*Lerk.* Dos't distrust you Sir,  
That I defend my selfe?

*T. W.* You must not wrong my Father.

*Lerk.* I doe abhor the thought of injurie.  
Nor shall my spirit fall in the just plea  
Of mine owne right.

*T. W.* But not to wrong my Father.

*Ieffr.* If he bee abusive, Cousin challenge him. I'll bee  
your second.

*Lerk.* Hee's not a Crane Coz.

*Ieffr.* Nor I a Pigmie; you mock my love.

*Lerk.* Your forwardnesse is dangerous.

*Ieffr.* Why, he can never have wit, that is not valiant.  
I'll trie him my selfe, if not to disturb you Sir.

*T. W.* I thanke you little one.

*Ieffr.* How little one! Is not that an affront Cousin?

*Lerk.* 'Tis as you take it Coz.

*Aril* Fill some Wine boy: never a Drawer here?

*Enter DASHER.*

*Dash.* What Gentlemen, none to attend you? (whooh)  
An unlook'd for happinesse that my unworthy selfe is  
prefer'd.

*T. W.*

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*T. W.* An inferiour servant may serve, Mr. *Dasher*.

*Dash.* I am the servant of my servant that shall serve you. And unless hee serve you he is not my servant. I'll turre them all away presently for this neglect of your worthy Persons. *Exit.*

*Jeffer.* Men weare swords Sir.

*T. W.* And boyes too sometimes.

*Jeffer.* You'll answer it?

*T. W.* Answer what Child?

*Jeffer.* Little one! Boy! Child! I shall be degraded next to an infant.

*Ierker.* Fie Cousin, containe. The Gentleman cannot brooke it.

*T. W.* Yes Sir, hee can brooke any thing but wronging of his Father.

*Aril.* I pray no more, the subject is too harsh.  
To make good musick in societie.

*Ierk.* Then here's a health to her that best deserves  
The attribute of Faire: whole white and red  
Prove what's lifes mixture. From whose forms exactnes  
Rules of Proportion might be better drawne  
Then from Arts Principles. To her whose Youth  
Warmes Winters icie bosome with her Spring;  
Yet will not wrong your Father. As it goes round,  
Each give his Miſtris some commending Character.

*Aril.* Why then a health to her whose beauties are  
Not a grosse Earth, with painted superficialies;  
But a more sprightly Element of pure Fire.  
Within whose *Sphere* a glorious Minde doth move  
All th' orbes of vertue with celeſtiall flame.  
Whose active climbings carry her desires  
To th' utmost height of noblenesse and honour:  
To her that calls you Brother.

*T. W.* Let not your love appeare so full of flattery.

*Ierk.* Nay, Coz; 'tis yours.

*Jeffer.* Then here's a health to her will freely put

Hei

Her sweets to use, Kisse, and be kiss giving  
Without a fee, While I am the only one  
At an hour, or two, when I am alone  
And if a man needs to further doing  
Accounts it loss of time, a tedious waiting  
To her that I call Mistress.

*T. W.* Bravely come off Sir.

*Jeff.* I can come on Sir.

*Art.* Now Sir, 'tis yours.

*T. W.* This Sock shall then have my *Exclamation*  
Which had the youthful Father ever talked,  
He would have left his size to Poesy;  
And chang'd his Vvy Chapters into Bayes;  
Unchain'd his footed Linxes, and supply'd  
His Chancery letter course with *Poetry*.  
And with bewitching numbers charm'd the gods  
To be his *Exclamation*, that they might learn  
With this most heavenly *Yaller*.

*Enter D. & S.*

*Jerk.* Mr. *Dabry* your Wine is highly commended.

*Dab.* I can assure you Gentlemen, the Grapes from  
whence this Sack was press'd—

*T. W.* Grew in Spain.

*Dab.* I would have fetcht it farther Gentlemen to doe  
you service. A voyage to the *Indies* should bee no more  
then a descending into my cellar, and up again.

*Art.* You have handsomely contracted your journey.

*Jerk.* But Mr. *Dabry*, you have an eminent House, ex-  
traordinary Wine and entertainment; but no Signe as yett  
to distinguish it.

*Jeff.* My thoughts Cousin, the Logger-heads take a  
pretty conceit.

*Jerk.* Had there not beene a third.

*Dab.* Gentlemen, I intended a paire of Scales with a  
glasie of Wine in one Balance, and a piece of gold in the  
other, or a jewell.

H

*T. Wor.*

*T. W.* An excellent conceit, to shew the value of good Wine.

*Dish.* Sweet Gentlemen, I am the servant of your noble wits, I must kiss the sure hand of an honourable Lord, who is now departing: I will then returne to be dispos'd by you.

*Exh.*

*The third Scene.*

*Enter Sir Gennaro, young Wontley, and the first Servant.*

*T. W.* Sir, tis my father.

*Sir Gen.* Hal my sonne here; and Mr *Wontley*?  
I came I th' person of authority,  
Invited by your noise. But that put off,  
Out of my love borne to the generall good,  
I doe advise you to be temperate:

That the faire hopes conceiv'd of growing vertues  
Might not be lost. 'Tis pity that your wits,  
Which (joyn'd with some experience) might deserve  
To fill the seats of Magistracie, and be  
Aspeaking law) should spend themselves in places  
And acts of sin and shame; wherein severitie  
Of law and government must not be partiall.  
Therefore I pray no more of these disorders.

*T. W.* Pray Sir, take nothing ill. 'Tis the necessity  
Of his place: his disposition else is milder.

*Sir Gen.* Sir, we are Gentlemen; and by that priviledge  
Though we submit to politique Government  
In publique things may be our owne law-makers  
In morall life. If we offend the law  
The law may punish us; which onely serves  
To take away excessse, nor the necessity  
Of use of what's indifferent, and is made  
Of good or bad by its use. We doe not drinke

To



# COVENT-GARDEN.

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To a distemper, and from thence derive  
Th' originall of mischiefes: nor is pleasure  
Our law but temperance. Creation made  
Every thing good, if we abuse it not.  
Then good Sir, (though you find enormities  
Amongst the rabble) be not so suspicious  
Of our more careful carriage, that are gentlemen.

*Sir Gen.* You have said so much to me,  
And more then I expected. Hark you foemen.

*Ans.* I did not think it so good to good an Oration.

*Lark.* Why friend? because men's familiaritie  
Make's us less ferious when we are alone,  
Must is necessitate we cannot speak  
In a high cause: I Confess, you must be careful  
Of your behaviour: you are in face Justice.

*Ieffr.* Why Cousin, have Justice power over a mans  
will?

*Lark.* Some busie ones have arrogated much;  
But being told their owne have ever since  
Given Gentlemen a due respect.

*Ieffr.* I'll make a tryall here. Please you a little  
To put off this severe gravitie;  
And drinke a glasse of Sack. Your age is Priviledge  
In what the law of moderation,  
Denies our hotter blood.

*Sir Gen.* Pray Sweet Gentleman, is't possible  
That one so young, should have so gray a wit?  
Tis wanting many times in grace and years.  
Please you Mr. *Lark*, to bring these Gentlemen to my  
house to supper. You had some civill dishes.

*Lark.* We know your table is plentifully furnished.  
*Sir Gen.* This was very good Sack, neighbour. Pray  
send me home a dozen bottles. And keepe good order  
on *Dish*. The best order that can be kept in my house  
or any office of my house shall bee at your Workes ser-  
vice.

H 3

*Ieffr.*

## COVENT-GARDEN.

*Jess.* Fogh; that complement stinckes.

*Sir Gen.* You are very courteous neighbour. Will you goe along with me Gentleman?

*Art.* We are your servants. It is a fit opportunity.

*Sir Gen.* You shall now make tryall of my profest love. *Lark.* The reckoning is due.

*Art.* We'll take the turne in our way.

*Geoffrey.* *Blackish.* *Scene.*

*Dasb.* You'd doe me honour to pay it there. Ten thousand welcomes to you Gentlemen. (Whooh) Come furrah be the mastery of neatness, and mumble for this disorder'd room in wits. Then give the gentlemen below notice, that it is ready for their service. Here's like to be a tumultuous. He talks of selling his Land and being a Wife: but how can that agree together? yes, very well. A country Gentleman to sell his Land, is as it were to change his trade: leave his known trade to produce better profit. Which changing of Copie here without us, ends many times in the close freehold at Ludgate.

## The fourth Scene.

*Enter BYNGWORTH, RALPH and DADSON.*  
*By the first SCENE.*

*Dad.* Worthy Sir, I have now made my a room to entertaine your worthy person. My house is so cramm'd with Ladies and their gentlewomen, all choyce gentlemen, some of the admirers, who to which very name I owe respect and service.

*Ralph.* I am glad to see you Sir, like a Gold-smiths shop in Covent-Garden.

*Dad.* I should much desire to see your kindnesse to bring me acquainted with some of those Wits: you say they keepe their rendezvous here many times. If I may mold

mold my selfe capable I should gladly add to their number. Indeed, I have had but Countrey breeding.

*Dab.* City bringing up too soon.

*Ralph.* Yes; for we did like mad men.

*Dab.* Questionesse, Sir, there are of the wits some mercenary ones, whom your money may command to be your servants. But these are of a nobler traine. Howsoever, I will upon the next occasion shew my desire to doe you service.

*Dab.* Brother *Ralph*, what be those Wits? A familie?

*Ralph.* No *Dab*, they be of all tribes. Some are Jewes, and some are Gentiles. Some are noble both in blood and condition, and some in neither. Some studie After of use; some of delight; some converse well, but talke wickedly.

*Dab.* Those be the Women *Ralph*.

*Ralph.* No interruptions. Some breake fasts; some breake pates; some breake Tailours; and some breake their fasts with Duke *Hampery*.

*Dab.* A wise house-keeper belike.

*Ralph.* Some weare Plush that others are not. Some love Sacke, and some love wenchery. Few will sue at the Aldermans Court, and some will sue to be made of their owne.

*Dab.* I understand thee *Ralph*. But how com'st thou to know all this?

*Ralph.* The man I liv'd in London before now, was servane to one that convers'd much with the wits, and kept an Academie of Musicke. I felt these things; I have pickt up too learning among the crummes of a broken bisket, after one of their meetings at a Tavern, then would make cuntry Ballad-makers counterfeit Petrarches; and with the over-plus indoctrinate some Infants Clerks, and a number of Sheriffs.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

## The fifth Scene.

Enter Mrs. Tongue, and Intervord by  
the left Scene.

Dung. Sweet Missus, you are welcome to my expectation.

Tong. If my presumption to bring a worthy acquaintance along with me, seem's not unnecessary.

Dung. You rather expatiate kindness to a stranger that desires worthy company.

Tong. Sweet Mr. Duff, you are the best Woman Vintner that ever lov'd a Gossips tale. You have so many good things to pleasure a woman with. You were wont to have an excellent neat tongue.

Duff. Sweet Mrs. Tongue, my best tongue, and all is at your service.

Tong. Kind Master Duff.

Dung. To your welcome Mistress.

Tong. My business desires your favour thankfully.

Duff. I will attend you my servant.

Ralph. And make a leg. This Vintner sure hath had very liberally brought in, for since nor from the Bankes side, where the only wine men live.

Duff. None but honest men to present my desires to do you service.

Dung. This Gentleman hath told me much. Hee answers nothing.

Tong. My friend (Mr. Duff) will be of few words, is a few words, and a good observation.

Dung. A Wit, Missus, is shall be the prouder of his acquaintance. But when I am a Wit, I shall preferre my talking before my observation.

Tong. I thank you Mr. Duff-word.

Ralph.

# COVENT-GARDEN.

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*Ralph.* Mr. *Earlsmord* and Mrs. *Tongall* very good.  
Sure this woman had a French-maid to her Father.

*Tong.* Indeed Mr. *Dafy*, an excellent Jacke. If you  
were unmarried you should have my daughter *Lissy*, for  
keeping such good Wine in your house.

*Dafy.* I retribute all due thanks for your kindnesse that  
you would doe me so great an honour.

*Ralph.* Mistress you said I should have your daughter.

*Tong.* My friend, why lothou that. This Jacke makes  
my heart merry.

*Ralph.* Whothou shalt my Master have?

*Tong.* Why my Daughter *Lissy*.

*Ralph.* A right woman: to her countess goe, no mat-  
ter what she fives.

*Dafy.* What will this Gentleman with his table-booke?

*Dung.* Let's have a health to some body.

*Tong.* Please you Sir, to my daughter *Lissy*.

*Dung.* Let it goe round then.

*Tongall.* And hee that will not pledge it, shall not  
have her.

*Dafy.* I hope we shall drinke now *Ralph*.

*Ralph.* Else we loe both our share of the Jack, and our  
hopes of her daughter *Lissy*.

*Dung.* Some more Wine.

*Dafy.* (Whooh) be nimble firrah, and bring of my  
kingdome (that's my word for good wine) that it may  
wait on these Gentlemen.

*Tong. William,* thou art an honest fellow: and if thou  
bringst us good wine, thou shalt have my daughter *Lissy*  
from them all.

*Dafy.* Sure this Gentleman write's what I speake. I  
hope 'twas not treason to say my kingdome. I would I  
knew what he were.

*Dung.* The Vintner seem's troubled at this Gentle-  
mans table-booke.

*Tong.* 'Tis his practise of observation. Hee is taking

a humorous farce. Perhaps my talking of my daughter  
 to Jimmy.

Take it up, if I can, with your group. You've spoken for them, and now

...Kidding, really. But my life is your saving for  
the whole care.

But the idea of a "small cancer," a late-stage, localized tumor, is a more amiable with which to experiment. It's the perfect thing to say nothing himself, and his observation of the cancer, and his own

Day Sir, I am proud of all that ever I have  
being and of that be the same.

They don't like *Disco* but they have some fine material there to work upon.

*Duke.* To make me see, I desire you will command all that is fit to be attended in my house to do you service. For this; he writes again.

...The word command is a word of great danger. I should you had not said it.

Also, Mrs. Tamm said no neighborly  
one would bring a knife into the house.

When I was an infant, I am a Matron, he's a sergeant, a vet, and a mail projector.

I believe, in writing to poor Vintner, that cannot tempt a German into such pounds exchange, but his note will be in danger. So, if I were a Jew, I would be your friend. He writes again.

Page 4 B O Y  
 "Well, Sir, you have broken treason."

Later, the Colonel and other officers are com-

Don. Yes, yes; to apprehend me.

**Ralph Winters, Dallas**

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*Dung.* The Constable! I hope wee are not suspected persons.

*Tong.* If I thought you were, you should never have my daughter Linny.

### *The sixth Scene.*

*Enter CONSTABLE and OFFICERS; by  
the left SCENE.*

*Const.* By your leave Gentlemen.

*Ralph.* You are welcome Sir, and I pray be gone.

*Const.* But not without you Sir. You are suspected, and must answer——

*Dung.* Answer what? heere are neither Traitors nor Fellons.

*Dash.* I feare I shall be prov'd both.

*Tong.* No Sir, nor night-walkers that are taken up, and cast downe. I have declar'd my selfe of as good carriage as any in the neighbour-hood; and my daughter Linny waits upon an honourable Ladie.

*Dash.* Mr. Constable, I am your servant, I hope you suspect no Traitors in my house. If you doe, they shall wait upon you into the Cellar; and there commit what treason you will against as good Sack as is in the King of Spaines Dominions. The Gentleman writes still. I am utterly lost.

*Const.* There are two suspected to be heere, that have broken the peace, and committed a robbery.

*Dash.* Denie it *Ralph.*

*Ralph.* I tell you Constable, there are none heere, but can breake the peace, as well as you that are a Constable.

*Dung.* They shall obey your authority, and in the Vintners phraze wait upon you.

I

*Dash.*

*Dash.* I leave I must with boldness follow.

*Dungw.* Being my servants, I'll goe likewise along with you.

*Dash.* Yes, yes; a meere plot to goe along, that hee may witness against me.

*Dobs.* Feare nothing *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen will not see us hang'd.

*Ralph.* But they may suffer us, and that's a word for hanging.

*Dung.* You seeme apprehensive of your owne danger. There's a reckoning to pay; if you but forgive it, I'll free you from this Gentlemans information.

*Dash.* Most gladly Sir, and bee your servant. But how shall I be sure of it?

*Dung.* You shall heare it from his owne mouth. You will not (Sir) informe any thing against this man! I pray say no.

*Little.* No.

*Dash.* I am satisfied: and will be your servant in any thing but treason.

*Tong.* But be sure you speake to Mistris *Dorothy*. Nay I'll along with you too, and perhaps speake a good word.

I have acquaintance with the Iustice, and his Clerke knows my daughter *Fanny*.

*Dash.* Let mee bee your servant Mr. Constable, and light you downe. I hope my house will receive no scandal by this.

*Dung.* 'Twas a beginning yet, and more may hit. Thus in th' abus'd sence cheating is cal'd wit.

*Goe forth by the left Scene.*

*Act. 5.*

## Act. 5: Scœn. I.

Enter SVS AN, by the middle SCœNE.

SVS AN.

**T**Hanks honest *Nicholas*. 'Tis time to cover: my Lady will to supper so soone as my Master comes home. He brings strangers with him. This Butler is the kindest fellow to a Gentleman; and deserves my love more for this bottle of Sacke, then *Warrant* or *Syrace* for fighting. Come thou inspirer of a diviner soule, that teachest mysteries, of which without thee none are capable: to bee valiant; to love; to Poetise: suffer a thirsty gentleman to delight her drye pallat with thy (sweet moisture, and refresh her spirits with thy comfortable operation. (*Drinks*) Excellent Sack, as I am a Gentleman. Now am I in love with my old Master for buying it; with the Vintner for selling it; with the Drawer for drawing it; nay, with the very Porter that brought it home: but most of all with kinde *Nicholas* for bestowing it upon mee; good heart, hee hath ventur'd a chiding if it should be mixt. (*Drinks*) What foolish Poets were they that made the more foolish gods drinke *Nectar*! Had *Apollo* presented *Daphne* but with a cup of such Sack, shee would have lov'd him, as I doe *Nicholas*: but not to lye with him. A gentleman must not humble her selfe to a Butler. (*Drinks*) My Ladie.

The

COVENT-GARDEN.

*The second Scene.*

*Enter LADIE, by the middle Scene.*

*Lady* What is't should make my Husbands jealousie  
Rage to within him to suspect the visits  
Of every friend ! Cannot my carefull carriage  
Kill his distrust, and make him confident !  
Many a young Ladie that had such excuses  
As I may well pretend, his age, diseases,  
And all the cold defects are incident  
To a decaying strength, would privileged  
Her rather wills dispense with young desires.  
Such are in me ; but not to satisfaction :  
I must not wrong my fame : though my hot blood  
Should dance a lustfull measure. But hee's jealous ;  
And I must practise some strange cure upon it.  
*Secretary.*

*Susan.* Madame.

*Lady.* Why doe you gaze upon me ?

*Susan.* I would not for th'exchange your Ladiship were  
a man.

*Lady.* And why so ?

*Susan.* I should runne madd, for love of your La-  
diship.

*Lady.* What humour have you got ? you have sure beene  
tipling. Fie Secretary.

*Susan.* I hope your Ladiship hath a better opinion of  
your uman, then to be earnest because she jests.

*Lady.* You know Mr. *Jerker* ?

*Susan.* A very handsome gentleman. I wonder no wor-  
thy Gentleman is in love with him.

*Lady.* No Secretary ; what thinke you of me ?

*Susan.*

*Susan.* Doth your Ladiship love him ? truly and so doe I.

*Lady.* But not as I doe :

I could betray mine honour to his love ;  
And sell my fame for his more sweet embraces ;  
Give those delights which are my Husbands due  
To his enjoying.

*Susan.* And will your Ladiship discover this to mee ?  
Truely I meane not to bee degraded from your Ladiships  
uman, to hold the doore, and crye my Master's comming.

*Lady.* Thy employment shall be  
When wee are closely set at dalliance  
Blush not what ere thou seest ; but call thy Master ;  
The service may be worth a new gowne.

*Susan.* How, call my Master ? Did ever any Ladie en-  
joy a friend in a corner, and with her Husband (who is  
sufficiently jealous already) to see it ? Now as I am a  
Gentleman, and had rather bee a Ladie, 'tis not my  
mind.

*Lady.* But 'tis mine ;  
His knowledge of't would add to the delight,  
And make th'offence lesse. Citie Dames can practise  
Sights to deceive their Husbands, mine shall know it.

*Susan.* But is your Ladiship earnest ?

*Lady.* As earnest as resolves can make me.

*Susan.* But I am resolv'd not to obey your Ladiship.  
Shall I that am my Ladies Secretary as it were, be treache-  
rous to her secrets ? Then let me not be counted a gentle-  
man. If it please your Ladiship Ile tell him you intend  
such a thing that he may prevent it.

*Lady.* Dispute not my commands, but doe them :  
Or I shall stop the current of my favours.  
That hitherto have flow'd so fully on thee.

*The third Scene.*

*Enter Sir GENEVIEVE WORTHY, IRENE, and  
ARTLOVE, & WORTHY, SUSAN, IRENE, & ARTLOVE*

*by the middle SCENE.*

*Sir Gen.* I have brought you some guests *Wife*. Send  
your entertainment be worth their labour.

*Lady.* I could wish it much better for Master *Jokers*  
sake.

*Sir Gen.* I fear you are too free that way.  
I am yet a man, and my declining age  
Hath not so weakened judgement in me,  
That passion should betray my jealous thoughts.  
Nor can I but suspect, and must be satisfied:  
Her woman is the instrument, *Mrs. Susan*.

*T. W.* Pray Sir, let me prepare her. No more will I  
In the severer Person of a counsellour  
Instruct your care. But since by *divine* search  
I have inform'd my knowledge  
Even to satisfaction of his worth,  
Let me commend this noble gentleman  
Vnto your best desires; let him possess them.

*Dorcas.* Brother, without mature consideration  
I dare not doe an act; on which depends  
Such dangerous events.

*T. W.* My love's your warrant.  
Have not I search'd him thoroughly? have not I  
Found him deserving all that's due to man,  
Though malice were his judge. View but his person,  
Art could not shape a more exact proportion:  
And through his Christall bosome read his heart  
Wherein such noble thoughts are character'd—

*Susan.*



*Susan.* You on't demand a poore Gentleman any thing; neither doe I expect reward. I onely desire you will accept it as an act of my love. But why should you be jealous of my Lady.

*Sir Gen.* Aske me no idle questions, but doe it. Thou mayst bee a Lady thy selfe, if it lie to my power to raise thee.

*Susan.* Alas Sir, an old man raise a Gentleman.

*Dorot.* We have a father (Brother) to whose care We owe another dutie, then that onely Which Nature hath injoynd us for receiving Our beings from him. Let not our rash wills Sway'd onely by desire, run any course. Agrees not with his liking; Yet I'll tell The Gentleman how much he owes your love For thus commending him.

*Lady.* How now Sir *Generous*? Courting my woman? am not I warme enough To thaw your frozen appetite?

*Susan.* Truly Sir, if my Lady knew how much I lov'd you, 'twould make her jealous.

*Lady.* Indeed it would not. Revenge should be a remedie.

*Sir Gen.* That's my feare.

*Lady.* Nay, to her againe; you are not the first That hath abus'd his Lady.

*Sir Gen.* Wife, forgoe these fond thoughts, and with care apply your selfe to entertain these gentlemen. I'll to my closet. *goes forth.*

*Lady.* I wait but th' opportunity of their absence, Which I must straight contrive.

*Art.* I am now animated To come the neereft way without more circumstance; And tell you how your beauty and your vertues Have won on my desires to make them yours.

*Dorot.*

*Dorot.* I thanke you Sir, and could mine owne eyes see  
But halfe that worth my Brother sayes is in you,  
My equall thoughts should answer.

*T. W.* What said she Sir?

*Artl.* It seemes you did commend me!

*T. W.* Yes by my hopes of good, no otherwise  
Then I desire to have my selfe commended  
Vpon the like occasion.

*Artl.* I must thanke you Sir.

*T. W.* I doe interpret it; and have thought upon  
Another tryall. Let me intreat you Sister  
To conser my intentions right. Though I  
Commended him, 'twas onely to distinguish  
Your passion and your reason. Now I find  
The latter strongest, that you refuse the love  
Of one so much defective.

*Dorot.* How! defective!  
Brother, my judgement hath as searching eyes  
Can see the fulnesse of his manly worth  
Through all the vailles of your detraction.  
And now to shew how much I doe prefer  
The freedome of my will before your counsell;  
I'll tell him I doe love him.

*T. W.* Sister, I hope  
You are not earnest!

*Dorot.* As earnest as my love;  
Which since I first beheld him tooke possession  
Of all my thoughts, though customary nicenesse  
Refraind me from discovering them; but now—

*Lady* Pray daughter oversee the servants.

*Exit Dorothy.*

*T. W.* Mother beshrew your heart, she was in a good  
veine. But come sir, wee'l pursue it.

*Exeunt young Worthy, and Artlove.*

*Ieffr.* It hath beene no small punishment for mee to  
hold

hold my peace all this while. My Cousin is morall before companie and counsel's my manners. But now I hope my tongue shall have libertie; and her's my Ladies gentleman to exercise it with.

*Lia.* Your little Cousin may stay. How like you the plot?

*Park.* As the end proves it. And since your constancie hath held out gainst my leud temptations, Which have as well beene tryals of your vertues As acts of wantonnesse, I here desist. Henceforth my tongue shall never utter sound Offensive to your modestie.

*Lady.* Pray let's sit, And enter on the project, though it benice. When wit masks vertue in a cloke of vice.

*Susan.* They are going to it; and heer's a little one will tell. Pray sir, can you keepe counsell?

*Jeffer.* As well as a woman.

*Susan.* Indeed they and children are kin.

*Jeffer.* You need not feare your secrets.

*Susan.* Then I shall love you heartily. But pray Sir, no meddling with a gentlemen's apron. Here's that will helpe your growth: please you to partake.

*Jeffer.* She abuseth me, I must fit her. What is't Mistris?

*Susan.* Sack I assure you Sir; and I hope you will love a poore gentlemen as she loves you.

*Jeffer.* If the Butler be not too deeply interested.

*Lady.* Secretarie.

*Susan.* Madame.

*Lady.* You forget your employment.

*Susan.* I saw your Ladiship doe nothing yet.

*Lady.* Doe we not kisse!

*Susan.* I runne then, and dare not looke backe for feare of blushing.

*Exit.*

*Jeffer.* What strange contrivement's this?

*The fourth Scene.*

*Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY with SYSSAN,  
by the middle Scene.*

*Lady.* Nay, blush not Mr. *Lerk*, ours is no act of shame, but to be gloried in; youth to youth. Sir *Generous* are your horns so lop-heavy they make you hang the head. Never droop at it man. A Lord may bee a Cuck-old and never the wiser: you have gotten the knowledge of what you did but suspect before.

*Sir Gen.* Out of my warring thoughts discretion Hath order'd a resolve, whose practise shall Preserve my credit. Though I much wonder A womans smooth hypocrisie should make Even her secret't actions to appeare Most vertuous; yet in this to staine her whitenesse.

*Lady.* I did it Sir to cure your jealousie More then for satisfaction of desire, Which I have often satiated, when Your cold abilities were comforted With downe and silence; when your dreames presented The quiet of a grave.

*Lerk.* I did it Sir, In gratitude for your hospitality. Please you to take my counsell. Be divorce'r. You need no proofes, since shees her owne accuser. I'll then procure a dispensation And wee'l be married.

*Sir Gen.* 'Tis assented to. Nay more, I'll give you all her portion backe: Nor shall the least disquiet in my thoughts Make me remember it. Think not (young man) mine age  
So

So weake, but I can conquer passion.  
My act shall instantly have confirmation;  
And be a president where such inequality  
Of yeares are joyn'd.

*Lady.* Pray good Sir *Generous* stay.  
I have not yet consented; and I thinke  
The Law cannot dispense whilst either live.  
If you resolve divorce, you'l onely force me  
To an unwilling widdow-hood; and how little  
My innocence deserves, the least suspect,  
Though I did faigne a guilt for better ends,  
Just heaven can witness. There was no necessity  
To tempt my woman to discover us.  
It was my first command.

*Sir Gen.* I heare strange words  
Which must be scan'd and construed.

*Lark.* Here my solicites cease. But I desire  
I may remaine the servant of your vertues,  
And weare your favours livery, whose example  
Hath won on my resolves to reconcile  
My wilder soule.

*Lady.* Whilst you persever in't,  
I shall preserve you in my purest thoughts;  
But never to infect them.

*Sir Gen.* The World reputes me  
A man of full discretion; and mine age  
Is not so rotten yet, to betwixt childe,  
Hence yee vaine jealousies, that in love diseas'd  
Are peccant humours: therefore must be purg'd.  
Come to my bosome patterne of true goodnesse.  
Nere more those bug-bears to the minds blest quiet  
Shall fright thee thence.

*Lady.* Then will my joyes be feild.

*Sir Gen.* Good Sir forgive  
The rashnesse of my passion. I'll no more

Be jealous of your visits ; but desire  
The love I beare your person may be usefull  
To all good ends.

*The fifth Scene.*

*Enter T. WORTHY, ARTLOVE, DOROTHY, &c.*

*T. W.* Nay, blush not Sister ;  
Though it be vertues colour. Say't agen.  
Here are more witnesses.

*Sir Gen.* Whence growe's this exultation ?

*T. W.* From inward joy that she affects this gentleman,  
Whose Vertues wonn  
Vpon my love to be his Oratour ;  
And not respects infected with the mixture  
Of any worle condition.

*Sir Gen.* Doe you love him ?

*Dorot.* I hope to your kind judgement 'twill appeare  
A vertuous truth.

*Sir Gen.* If he be found deserving  
In the dependances on bloud and fortune  
I shall consent, and then may mutnall love  
Render you happy.

*Artl.* How am I blest that your white soule  
Hath bounded it's desires within the circuit  
Of my too narrow worth !

*Sir Gen.* Supper not ready yet ! my servants are mus-  
call ; please you Gentlemen to dance a little. 'Tis a health-  
full exercise ; bid them prepare their instruments. Come,  
come, settle to it. *Spruce and Warrant, enter*  
I love to see a nimble activeneffe *with Musicks.*  
In noble youth ; it argues active minds  
In well shap't bodies, and begets a joy  
Dancing within me.

*Dances.*

*The*



*The sixth Scene.*

*Enter LITTLEVVORD, TONGALL, DVNGVVORTH,  
CONSTABLE, RALPH and DOBSON, by  
the middle Scene.*

*Sir. Gen.* Welcome neighbour *Tongall*: what meane these people?

*Const.* I have brought them, an't please your Worshipp.

*Sir Gener.* Whom, and't please you, Master Constable.

*Const.* The theeves, and't please your Worship, that rob'd your worships Clerke.

*Spruce.* Now *Warrants*.

*Warr.* How! I rob'd! the Constable is surely drunke. I was not rob'd.

*Const.* How's that! did not you bring mee to the Tavern; shew mee the fellowes, and direct me to apprehend them? Did you not promise me a share if they might be brought to a composition?

*Warr.* Who? I? verily I say I know thee not.

*Consta.* How! not know the Constable! Come Mr. *Warrants*, let mee understand the mysterie without being farther abus'd. You forget the place where wee had recreation for nothing, onely promising the wenches favour upon occasiō: against whom wee afterwards inform'd to get fees.

*Sir. Gener.* Is't noe otherwise? it shall raise some mirth.

*Dohf.* Did not I tell thee *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen?

*Ralph.* Well, 'tis a rare thing to bee a Justice. Were I but swel'd with a little authoritie, mee thinks I could

crye, you Rogue, you Rascall, or you Constable, most gravely.

*Dobf.* And 'tis as rare a thing to bee a Constable; to command in the name of authority, and bee drunke at midnight, without danger of the stocks.

*Sir Gen.* I shall respect him *Mrs. Tongall.* *Mr. Constable* I doe conceive an abuse done to my person, in that you here traduce two strangers, pretending appointment, when none will accuse them; nor can I suddainly discover the error.

*Constable.* Now by all the painted authoritie of my staffe—

*Sir Gen.* No swearing Constable; I have determin'd to confere a power upon the accused, to judge both it and you; and the most offenders shall suffer what shall be due.

*Const.* Whither shall I fall! from my Empire of command, to obey a mock-Constable! The danger of example forbid it, that Clownes and fooles be not made Justices in earnest.

*Sir Gen.* No more of this modestie: I'll have it so; and exercise your wit. I have knowne a Countrey fellow full of knavish clinches.

*Dobson.* Yes Sir, 'tis ordinary in a Smith.

*Ralph.* Then if I fit you not for a Justice.

*Dobson.* And I for a Constable. You shall heare my tone.

*Const.* And I for an offender.

*Ralph.* Can you write and read young gentleman?

*Jeffer.* Like a gentleman.

*Ralph.* Then you shall be my Worships Clerke: And so I assume authoritie. (hem, hem)

*Spruce.* Now shall we be jeer'd out of our skins.

*Warr.* Set a good face on't.

*Ralph.* (hem, hem,) what are you firrah?

*Dobf.*

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*Dobf.* I am *Dobson*, the Constable and't please your Worship.

*Const.* Hee lies and't please your Worship, I am the Constable.

*Ralph.* You were the Constable; but your dignitie is justly taken from you, and conferr'd upon honest *John Dobson*. Thou hast beene a raskall firrah, a corrupt Constable. Thou hast convers't with deeds of darknesse, hating the all light, but wenches and a lanthorne: which a married Constable can never want at midnight. Thou hast watch't little and pray'd lesse: thou shalt therefore fast thy selfe into amendement. And so I commit thee with thy guard of Bill-men to the mercie of a Shrove-Tuesdays rebellion. (hem, hem.)

*Dobson.* Here's an other refendant, and't please your Worship.

*Ralph.* Now Sir, what are you?

*Warr.* A Justices Clerke.

*Ralph.* Oh, I know you firrah.

You write true Latine, not to be understood by the Worshipfull bench.

*Warr.* Your Worship is misinform'd. I cannot write true *Orthographie* without a Copie; and for Latine, I have lesse then the Deane of Dunstable. I have read *Ignoramus*: but finding hard words which were not in the Dictionary; I sweare I understand it no more then *Ignoramus* himselve.

*Ralph.* Make his *Mittimus* and send him to schoole; (hem, hem,) what are you Sir?

*Spruce.* A Gentleman Vsher.

*Ralph.* You are a Malkin of mock-Gentry, made up of silke and vaine-glory. You begin to grow out of fashion. I will therefore have you sticht into a case of complements, and commended to some thrifty house-keeping Ladie in the Countrey, where you may save her Ladiship the

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the charge of a Taylour; and if you can read, serve for a house-Chaplain in rainy weather. (hem, hem.) Bring that Countrey Gentleman before me.

*Dung.* You'l grow saucie firrah.

*Sir Gene.* Pray let's uphold the jest. I'll not spare mine owne person. Your servant's witty.

*Ralph.* You are a Countrey Gentleman; a Gallant out of fashion all the yeare; but especially at Sessions, and upon high Holi-dayes, when your sattin doublet drawes away the eyes of the simple, and distracts their devotion almost into Idolatry: giving it more worship then the Heraulds ever gave your Auncestors. You intend as I understand to come forth in a new Edition: and when the Meicers and Tailors have new printed you; and that some gentle wit may be read in your Character to marry a Wife in the City. You shall then have a passe sealed upon her by a Courtier; be ship't at Cuckolds haven, and so transported into *Cornwall*. (Hem, hem.) Now Sir, what are you? never a wise word to answer a Justice?

*Tong.* He is my friend Sir; and if you abuse him, you shall not have my daughter *Linny*.

*Ralph.* There is a tempest in her tongue able to shake the foundation of the wisest Justice-ship.

*Dobbs.* My Ladie Sir.

*Ralph.* Madame, I have heard complaints of your Ladiship, that you rise early every morning before noone, and are readie before night, unlesse there bee a maske at Court. You are likewise a great frequenter of the balls, meerely out of charitie to the poore Fidlers.

*Sir Gen.* He hits you home Wife.

*Jeffr.* And this is my Ladies Gentleman.

*Ralph.* Stop your cares Gentlewomen, here's a foule businesse towards. But you may tell the man; the time and place, though not the manner.

*Secre.*

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*Serv.* Truly Sir, if I am with child, 'tis but with a bottle of Sack.

*Ralph.* Give it me; I'll keep it. Many a Justice in the City keeps children ate none of his owne. (*Drinks.*)

*Serv.* A right Sack Justice.

*Ralph.* And now for you Gentlemen. You are of the wits that give Poets Sack and old Bevers, and vent their conceits in Tavernes for your owne.

*Serv.* Please you Sir, these Gentlemen are my friends.

*Ralph.* How's that? a Justice take bribes? the example is too frequent, and I will have it mended.

*Sir Gen.* You begin now to overdoe.

*Ralph.* Bribes have purchas'd more then the whole rate of Aldermen since *Lads* time.

*Sir Gen.* You are bitter now: 'tis time to resigne.

*Ralph.* 'Tis time indeed, when I will not take bribes to be a Justice *Quondam*.

*Sir Gen.* When Wit makes not abuse it's exercise, The users of it then are truly witt:

But 'tis a foolish Vanitie, not Wit,  
When Conscience bounds are broke to practise it.

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The

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## The Epilogue.

**Y** *Ave scene a Play, wherein was no disguise  
No Wedding, no improbable device:  
But all an easie matter, and contain'd  
Within the time of action: 'Tis arraign'd  
And doubtfull stands before your judgements barre,  
Expecting what your severall censures are:  
Some that pretend commillion to the Stage;  
As th'only Cato's of this Critick Age;  
Condemning all not done by limitation  
Because this new Play hath a new foundation  
Wee feare will cry it downe: our hope is then  
That your faire hands will raise it up agen.*

The

FINIS.

